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THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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MAY, 1826.  
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*MRS. PEARSON.*

THE present age has afforded many examples of females who have applied their genius and talent to the cultivation of those branches of science and art which were formerly regarded as belonging, more appropriately, to the province of the opposite sex. The fine arts, however, and especially those connected with design, or the visual appearance of the objects presented to us by nature, or the works of man, furnish so many elegant and ingenious amusements and occupations for the fairer part of the creation, that they have, as might naturally have been expected, often studied them with brilliant success. Indeed, if we may believe Pliny the elder, the art of designing the human figure was the invention of a woman, animated by the passion of love; and if his narrative is a fiction, it is too delightful for us to wish to have it exploded.\*

A multitude of names might be mentioned of ladies who have devoted their talents to the several departments of the arts of design, and who have attained the highest eminence in their respective pursuits. Miss Linwood, the modern Arachne, has shewn

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\* The story told by Pliny, in his Natural History, is tastefully alluded to, by Mr. Montgomery, in "The Mole-hill," a poem, first published in Dr. Aikin's Athenæum.

" Trembling with ecstasy of thought,  
Behold the Grecian maid,  
Whom Love's enchanting impulse taught  
To trace a slumberer's shade.

" Sweet are the thefts of Love ;—she stole  
His image while he lay,  
Kindled the shadow to a soul,  
And breathed that soul through clay."

that the needle may rival even the pencil in the delineation of the most beautiful or striking features of nature. Mrs. Delany produced fac-similies of the most lovely objects of the vegetable world, almost solely by the aid of her scissors and a few sheets of coloured paper; forming an artificial herbarium more durable than that of the botanist, and scarcely less accurate and exact. Among those who have practised the art of sculpture, the name of Mrs. Damer is itself a host; and that of the late Mrs. Flaxman may be mentioned as belonging to a greatly-talented individual possessed by a kindred genius. The charming delineations of the late Lady Diana Beauclerk have been highly and deservedly praised by many of the first connoisseurs; and the designs of a Princess nearly related to our present sovereign have acquired for her a degree of fame which might have been flattering to a professed cultivator of the elegant art in which she excels.

But among cotemporary female artists, there are few who have more distinguished themselves by an enthusiastic attachment to the study of painting, or whose labours have been rewarded with greater success, than the subject of the present memoir.—This amiable and accomplished lady is a native of London, having been born in Birchin-lane, on the eighteenth of June in the year 1798. Her father, Mr. Dutton, was an eminent bookseller, and for many years kept a circulating library, in Gracechurch-street; and the maiden name of her mother was Combermark. Miss Dutton very early displayed talents for drawing, readily leaving the amusements in which children commonly delight, to pursue her favourite study. Her attachment to the pencil did not escape the observation of her parents, who perceiving that it was something more than the mere transitory taste of childhood, determined to cultivate her rising genius. With this view she was put under the tuition of Mr. Lewis, a drawing-master; from whom, however, the instructions she received related principally to the more technical part of the art of design, as she is indebted to her innate taste and unwearied application for her present excellence. Oil-painting was the branch of art which she selected as her peculiar pursuit.

Well aware that she could not do better than study with care and attention the finest productions of the old masters, she eagerly embraced the opportunity for improvement afforded by the liberal conduct of the managers of the British Institution.

In 1813, she commenced her studies in the gallery at Pall-mall, and in 1815, she finished copies of "Titian's Daughter," after Titian; and the "Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba," after Claude Lorraine; the latter of which was rewarded with the gold medal, given by the Directors of the Institution; and what was more flattering, by the admiration and congratulations of the first artists who visited the establishment. These paintings were also exhibited in the *place of honour*, by the sides of their celebrated originals. The fame she acquired by these performances gave much pleasure to her friends, and increased her reputation with the public.

In 1815, Miss Dutton was married to Mr. Charles Pearson, an eminent solicitor. This domestic connection did not weaken her attachment to her professional pursuits; and she continued her studies from the works of old masters, occasionally also employing herself in taking portraits. (She did not, however, by any means confine herself to one branch of art, as landscape-painting occupied much of her attention; and such was the merit of the performances in this department, that she has obtained no less than two silver medals, one for a View of the Rhine taken on the spot, and the other for a View of Bodwin-castle, in Sussex.

In the year 1820, Mrs. Pearson had the misfortune to lose her father by death, and since that period she has resided with her mother.

Some persons, after arriving at a certain degree of excellence in any particular pursuit, mistake it for the summit of perfection, and so far relax their exertions as to allow those who were far behind to surpass them, and sink themselves into inactivity and contempt. This has been by no means the case with Mrs. Pearson, who has ever shewn a laudable ambition to surpass her former efforts, and distance her competitors; and she bids fair to attain a distinguished place among the cultivators of the art to which she has devoted her talents. Her portraits are executed in a bold and vigorous manner, displaying a due breadth of light and shade, whilst they are by no means deficient in softness and delicacy of expression. Her style of drawing is accurate, and the colouring of her pieces exquisite, while the grace and elegance which her figures display are remarkably striking. It is much to be regretted that a very fine portrait which she executed, of Lord Combermere, General of the

in-chief of India, was not finished in time for the exhibition this year at Somerset-house; but her copy from Claude, is now exhibiting at the Egyptian-hall, in Piccadilly. She has lately become a member of the newly-established Society of British Artists, in Suffolk-street; but none of her performances will be exhibited there this season.

Mrs. Pearson has one daughter, whom she educates in a manner creditable to her talents and maternal feelings. Her manners are modest and engaging; her disposition kind and obliging; and her habits are industrious and persevering, as she generally occupies herself in painting ten hours in the day.

The portrait from which the engraving is taken which embellishes the present number of the Museum, was painted eight years ago: and though it was executed in the short space of two hours, it is a most correct likeness, affording a strong proof of the talents of the artist.

M. J.

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#### THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

SWEET to the morning traveller  
The sky-lark's earliest song,  
Whose twinkling wings are seen in fits  
The dewy light among.

And cheering to the traveller  
The gales that round him play,  
When faint and wearily he drags  
Along his noontide way.

And when beneath the unclouded sun  
Full wearily toils he,  
The flowing waters makes to him  
Most pleasant melody.

And when the evening light decays,  
And all is calm around,  
There is sweet music to his ear  
In the far sheep-bell's sound.

And sweet the neighbouring church's bell  
That marks his journey's bourn;  
But sweeter is the voice of love  
That welcomes his return!



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## THE BARONET.

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*(Continued from page 223.)*

A FEW weeks had past, when the anxiously-expected letter arrived, inclosing the copies of the registers, with a few lines, in a large and tolerable hand, from Samuel Kenedy, desiring to know what use Mr. Boyle intended making of the papers; the original of which, in his possession, he mentioned not having sent, because his grandfather and father had been very solicitous about their preservation, and he finally begged that he might hear from him, with every particular, the very earliest opportunity. George Boyle, throwing aside the letter, eagerly opened its contents.—The first was:

“ May the 18th, 17—.

“ At St. Patrick's, Cork, by the Rev. Simon Loughborough, Edward Kenedy, Esq. to Mary Anne Shellila.

“ Witnessed—Nial Shellila,—Phelim Murphy.”

The second was:

“ At Ballymena, in Antrim.—Samuel, the only Son of Edward Kenedy, to Dorothea Bunnow, &c. &c.—

and Mr. Boyle could not forbear observing the copy also of Michael O'Reilly's marriage with Dorothea Kenedy, relict of the late Samuel Kenedy—whilst the date of the first, exactly corresponding with the time when Edward Kenedy had left his father's house, convinced him that the family then resident in Antrim were undoubtedly his descendants. Having no immediate business to detain him in Limerick, he hurried forward into Antrim.

It was towards evening when he reached the place in which they resided; it was a small village consisting merely of a few hamlets on the banks of the river Bann—one house rather higher than the rest, invited his entrance, by the sign of the George and the Dragon; there he alighted, and giving his horse into the care of a little dirty lad who acted as ostler, he entered the humble inn and ordered his dinner. After partaking of the best entertainment which the house afforded, and which, nevertheless, proved but a frugal meal, Mr. Boyle inquired of the fat comely landlady, if she knew a family of the name of

O'Reilly or Kenedy. "Och! on my life, jewel, and to be sure, and I do," was her answer.—"does not Maistress O'Reilly live but the fling of a stone from the sign of the George and the Dragon? and do I not know myself that Samuel Kenedy is the heir of her house, the scholar of the town? and does he not come to my own neat parlour, every Saturday night, to read the news of the country?—Not know them, indeed! not know my best neighbours, truly!"—"I understand there is a very large family," said Mr. Boyle.—"Marry, and so for certain there is," exclaimed the voluble hostess,—"there be ten childer; but as I tell my neighbour, there are few folks better off, for all that, for they are nice pretty bairns; Maister Samuel, to be sure, does not much like to put his hand to work; but then he's a daft one at his book; it would do your heart good to hear him read in such an elegant manner; for you see, John, the second, was put to school by a fine lady, who took a strange bit of a fancy to him, and gave him an edication, to my mind, far above his calling; but Samuel for all that was quicker at his larning, and got by heart what John did; and for all he seed none of the quality, he aped their airs, and was a finer gentleman than his brother, who lived among them, as it was;—but John's married now, he lives towards south, I reckon, and thrives vastly well.—Then Dorothy, by the second marriage, Michael O'Reilly's eldest child, married a farmer who lives near, and a very good match, on my life; for you see she was a sweet comely-looking lass, and he took a marvellous great fancy to her, and said he would wed her, let nought come to nought; and we had such grand doings, elegant dinners at the George and Dragon, plenty of whiskey and what not.—No! the like of that day will never be seen again, though they do say that Eva is likely to be the young squire's lady. She is a rare pretty girl, sixteen come next January, and would make two of Dorothy—but there you see, sir, it is not likely the squire will make a fine lady of such a poor girl as Eva O'Reilly; she had better be for casting her eye sharp about, for, as I oft say to my Andrew, 'a pretty face to a poor lass is but a bad dowry,—Then there is Janey makes a muddling living at the manufactories, and Darcy—"

"Thank you, thank you, my good woman; I have heard quite enough," said Mr. Boyle, rather impatiently, as he rose to leave the apartment.—"Not plenty, either, my honey," continued the landlady, "for mayhap and you will be going to Maistress

O'Reilly's herself."—"Well, and supposing I should?"—"Why, you must take care, my precious jewel, that you have not the misfortune to kill yourself by the way, for its no safe footing I reckon, for a stranger in the dark; you must take care of the river, it runs to your left, and I have my notion that it is deep enough to drown, for it was but last Monday that one of our own town's folk fell in—but he was not quite drowned, for he came to life again after a bit, and was no worse the next day. But, as I was telling you, you must keep from going too far to the right, for fear of the manure heap; it wants moving sadly, but we have had over much business for such fash. You had better take a bit of a light, my jewel, it will be more handy like:" and the good woman took from a shelf in the room, a horn lantern, and rubbing it with her apron, placed a small piece of candle in it—"There, my honey," she said, with a look of great satisfaction, "you cannot get wrong, for the mistress of the Dragon takes more care of her guests than some folk; but you will remember what I telled you, and the second house from the manure heap, with a bit of green railing afore it, belongs to Maistress O'Reilly, and ye must give my service to her, and Maister Samuel, and the childer."

Having freed himself from the good-humoured noise of his hostess, Mr. Boyle made the best of his way to Mrs. Kenedy's cottage, but he found that, even with the aid of the dim light which he carried, it was no easy task to steer clear of the impending dangers on either side.

It was about seven o'clock, on a thick November evening, when he knocked at the door which was dignified by the green railings; it was opened by a pretty little girl about twelve years old, who, as she observed the gentlemanly appearance of Mr. Boyle, dropped a low curtsy, and asked what he might please to want,—he playfully patted her head, and inquiring for her mother, advanced into the cottage.—Mrs. O'Reilly, a middle aged and well-looking woman, was busily employed ironing at one end of the apartment, in which occupation she was assisted by her elder daughters, amongst whom stood the pretty Eva, who might have been dignified by the appellation of a beauty. One tall lad was stretched upon a couple of chairs, half asleep, as if quite wearied with the fatigues of the day, and two others sat by the fire in earnest conversation, whilst at a round deal-table which stood in the middle of the room, sat Samuel Kenedy, the



unconscious heir of that noble house, the village scholar, and, even in self-estimation, the most important personage in the little groupe: a small piece of rushlight, stuck in a bottle which served as a candlestick, burnt before him, and he was busily employed with a book upon which his whole attention appeared to be directed, and which Mr. Boyle, as he advanced towards him, perceived to be a sporting magazine. Introducing himself as the attorney from Limerick, he met with a most hearty reception. Samuel's disposition was stamped upon his brow, which was clear and open; and there was a quickness in his countenance, which whilst it spoke the natural keenness of his intellect, seemed to betray also all the warmth and fire of the Irish; at times, however, it was so tempered by a look of mildness, that it seemed as if Samuel Kenedy, though fierce in his anger, would be tender and ardent in love; yet notwithstanding these amiable traits, Mr. Boyle was greatly disappointed in his appearance; he had hoped, and expected from the accounts he had heard, to have met with a perfect gentleman; but so far from that, so far from being, as he was told, superior to John, whose manners were remarkably pleasing, Samuel, the redoubted Samuel, was a gentleman only in his own estimation, and that of the village poor: it was evident that he aped the airs of his superiors, but his appearance displayed such an odd compound of natural vulgarity and affected refinement, that Mr. Boyle could scarcely repress a smile when he thought of the burlesque figure Sir Francis Kenedy's heir-at-law would make, in the world. This person was remarkably plain; he was of a middle size, but his bones were large and brawny, which, together with being tolerable stout, made him appear older than he was, and thirty years had already passed over his head; his hair was a pale brown, rough and coarse, which, defying the combined effects of art and bear's-grease, fell long and lank across his broad forehead; his eyes were rather large and of the lightest shade of grey; over which, in no classical manner, his eye-brows closely bent; with a short thick nose, a large mouth and full lips, a broad chin, and large ears standing widely off. It was impossible to term Samuel Kenedy otherwise than very plain, for besides being very muscular in appearance, he was deeply marked with the small-pox; yet he seemed so perfectly self-satisfied, so pleased and easy, without any real claims to gentility, that he was a most admirable subject for ridicule.



Mr. Boyle could scarcely maintain a proper gravity, notwithstanding the mortification he felt in the idea of introducing such a man as the heir to that title which the present Sir Charles, by education, was so well adapted to adorn. He had never seen him, but report had named him as a most elegant and accomplished man, and this struck upon his mind, as Samuel Kenedy, with a bow half foppish, and half vulgar, handed him a chair, and, in no very polite manner, begged to know his honour's name and business.—The disappointed attorney, endeavouring as well as he could to hide his chagrin, begged he might speak alone with the mother and eldest son, as he had news of the utmost consequence to communicate. Samuel opened his mouth, gaped wide with surprise, and looked at his visitant as if quite bewildered; then, turning to his brothers and sisters, he bade them, in a peremptory voice, go to their neighbours, and stay till they were called. He was obeyed, but very unwillingly, as if all wished to complain but none dared; the lads grumbled, but quickly silenced by the fiery look of their brother and ruler, they took their hats and muttered something about being turned out of their house, and a drink of whiskey at the Dragon. The girls, with good-humoured alacrity bundled together some work, and set off to neighbour Owen's; whilst Samuel, with his hands folded across the table, continued sternly to watch them until the door had closed upon the last straggler; then quickly turning round, he exclaimed—"Now, sir, you may speak now. You said, I think, that you had news of consequence: is it for me? is it any thing for my own good?"

H.

*(To be continued.)*

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### THE GENERATIONS OF MAN.

LIKE leaves on trees the race of man is found,  
Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground.  
Another race the following spring supplies,  
They fall successive, and successive rise:  
So generations in their course decay,  
So flourish these, when those are past away.

## SCENES IN THE EAST.

“ Oh, where is he who left untold  
The story of Cambuscan bold ! ”

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(Continued from page 198.)

## THE HERDSMAN'S HUT OF THE MOUNTAIN.

“ AT about a bow-shot further,” continued my narrator, “ the worthy officer and his beautiful charge came abruptly in front of a very high steep, all rock, cut into steps and stairs to the very top, on which was perched the old tower, that was now the habitation of the herdsman and his wife. It stood, indeed, in a commanding position, like the look-out of some mountain-robber, with a clear view of the cliffs above, and of the deep ravines beneath, which traversed those wild regions in all directions.—In fact, evening's shadows were then drawing very heavily around; but the bright moon and stars were there; while the huge black crags, which towered over the future home of Parysatis; the roaring of the unseen waters rushing through the dark and fathomless chasms below, and the stillness of every thing but those waters, gave an impression of awful mystery to the spot before her eyes.—But in the mountain-tower itself, she who had been a queen, met every kindly welcome of plain-speaking humanity. The honest herdsman and his wife, received no hint of who she had been; merely being told by Kashan, that he brought a poor orphan girl to them to be kind to; and since Heaven had deprived them of their own daughter, this would do the duty of a child by them.—Her name was Phalie, and she was modest and docile; but would require one condition; no other man, than the old herdsman himself, was ever to be allowed to look on her face.

“ These preliminaries were soon settled; and Kashan, putting a small purse of gold into the herdsman's hand, took his leave. Phalie, as she was now to be called, followed him to the door.—‘ Father,’ said she, in a low voice, ‘ for so I must ever consider the man, who, at risk of his own life, has so signally preserved mine! I know you leave me now, never to see me more.—Yet the great Mythra may decree otherwise.—I have here two rings yet on my hand; both were given to me in my nuptial hour by Baharam; both are alike, twin pearls; and a third, resembling

them, does not exist; the indent of a flaming heart is on each. He gave them to me, in pledge of his double love!—Take one, Kashan! wear it by a string, next your merciful heart;—and should ever extremity of weal or woe cause me to demand the instant presence of my best friend, I will dispatch its partner to you!’ Kashan bowed his head, kissed the ring she presented, put it in his bosom, bowed his head again, and departed.

“Phalie slept that night on a little brown felt carpet, in the corner of the chamber where Ora, the old woman, henceforward to be considered her mother, lay:—But the poor queen could not close her eyes all night for a sad groaning, not very far from her hard pillow; at last, not being able to bear it any longer, she got up, and went to the bed of the old woman, to ask her what could be the matter. But Ora was so deaf she could not hear what she said, till taking her by the arm, she gently shook her, and then the good body waked with a start, enquiring what had happened. Phalie mentioned the horrid groaning with which she had been disturbed.—‘Ah, ah!’ cried the old woman, ‘good news for us! doubtless my husband is with her.—Run child, and warm a gallon of water, and give it to Minki to drink, with a good handful of rice in it, after bringing us a dainty calf!’—It was just as Goody supposed; and Phalie, obeying the commands given to her by the old woman, who sat up in bed, telling where to find all the requisites, hastened through a little porch at the other end of the chamber; and there found the cow, no longer groaning, but with a beautiful little white calf standing by her side, and the venerable herdsman making up a more comfortable litter for the mother, at the hither part of the shed. He gladly hailed Phalie, with her pail of refreshment; and while he administered to Minki, who drank it, voracious as the thirsty desert, the queen sat down by the pretty little creature, just come into this world of evil; and she could not help shedding a tear upon its head, while she kissed and fondled it; it so reminded her of the beautiful young Antelope, with as fair a skin and as bright an eye, whose innocent repose had caused all her woe.

“From that hour the greatest friendship subsisted between Phalie and the beautiful calf; she always fed it herself, and littered it down; and when it was first allowed to descend the rock with its mother, who always lumbered down the rugged steps clumsily, though safely, seeming at every movement



ready to tumble headlong, Phalie did not chuse to trust her little pet to any possible accident; but raising the delicate youngling in her own beautifully proportioned arms, carried it to the foot of the rock, and then sent it gamboling after its mother, into the mountain pastures, with the rest of the kine.—Meanwhile, the gentle lady continued all day performing the part of a daughter to the kind couple above; dressing their food exquisitely, and adorning their retired habitation with all the beauty of her fine taste, in the disposition of baskets of natural flowers.—And then she spun their clothing on her distaff; and sung while she spun, to cheer, or lull them to repose. At eventide, when the lowing of the cattle, sounding from the bottom of the rock, told her pet was also there, she always sprung from her seat, and hurrying down the cliffs like a young fawn herself, generally had a race of some minutes after the playful wanton; who then suffering itself to be caught, would nestle its little curly brow over the shoulder of Phalie, whilst she carried it as a mother would a child, from the base of the rock up to its chamber near her own.

“This young favourite continued the chief pleasure of her days, and it seemed to love her with an intelligence quite surprising in a dumb animal; for day after day, and week after week, and month after month, the same fellowship remained; even to the morning and evening task of carrying the creature up and down the rock; for it would not stir, unless she continued the practice; and having never omitted it a day, her strength or her dexterity seemed to increase, gradually, with the growth of the animal; for she never appeared to feel it a hair heavier from the first to the last.—And what may seem very extraordinary, with all this marvellous augmentation of health and strength; for Phalie never had a head-ache, and was blithe as a bird; and Phalie could run over the mountains swifter than any deer, in search of the strayed lambs, or kids, or young colts; and all wondered at her fleetness and strength, and beautiful form; but none ever saw her face; and none ever dared asked the herdsman, whether his new daughter was fair as his last!—but with all this, the exquisite delicacy of all her female charms remained; nay were increased by the splendour of her health, and the innocent joyance of her heart.—The adventure I shall now relate, will prove it.

D.

*(To be continued.)*



## SCENES ON THE SPOT;

OR,

PARIS IN 1824.

BY CHRISTOPHER CRAYON, ESQ.

*(Continued from page 213.)*

WE quitted the Palais Royal early enough to take a glance *en passant* at the Museum of the Louvre. "It is not a public day," said Bonhommie to me, "but you, as a foreigner, have a right to admittance on all days, and I shall be allowed to enter in your train." We proceeded accordingly down the rue St. Honoré, which may be called the Oxford-street of Paris, as being one of the principal streets for trade, the houses on each side being occupied as shops; and those, with the exception of the Palais Royal, rue Vivienne, and rue de la Paix, the handsomest in Paris. But the street itself will not bear a comparison with Oxford-street, as it is irregularly built, and is disgraced, here and there, by very shabby houses; it is moreover very narrow, being not above one-third as wide at its broadest part. The rue fauxbourg St. Honoré, which forms a continuation of the rue St. Honoré, is a much handsomer street, and contains some noble houses, those of the British and other ambassadors among the number.

Every body, I presume, knows that the streets of Paris are paved with small sharp stones, upon which you walk, or, if the streets are muddy, slide along, to the imminent danger of your neck, and the manifest injury of your well-polished pumps; obliged, every now and then, to consult your safety by running close to a friendly post, and liable, at every moment, to be covered with mud by the carriages which drive close to you; as there is no flagged foot-way, as in London, to protect the foot-passenger from accident or dirt. In the city it is still worse, some of the streets there being so narrow that there is not room for a coach or cart to turn. The French themselves are not insensible to this inconvenience, but they say with truth, that it arises from the different modes of building in their country and ours. The houses in France being built for duration, and fires of very rare occurrence, the French have not had such opportunities as we have of improving their capital, and consequently the major part of the streets remain as they were two or three centuries ago; at which period we shall find, if we look back, that our own were not better. Indeed, at a much

later period, namely, the beginning of the year 1700, Lady Mary Wortley Montague gave the streets of Paris the preference for cleanliness to those of London. The new, or comparatively new streets, that is, those that have been added to the French metropolis within the last fifty years, are much better built, and generally spacious and handsome; particularly those in the neighbourhood of the *Chausée d'Antin*, and those really noble streets, the *rues Rivoli*, and *de la Paix*, and the place *Vendome*.

The building mania is not less general in the environs of Paris than in those of London; new streets are continually added to the metropolis; some of these, consisting of small neat houses, have a very English appearance. A new quarter which is nick-named the English town, is rising on the ground of the *Jardin Marbeuf*, and will be extremely magnificent when finished. The French abuse our red-brick edifices, but we may safely return the compliment to their freestone ones, for though they have a cheerful and elegant appearance when new; yet in a few years they assume a dirty yellow hue, which is ten times worse than the dingy exterior of our domiciles.

But the reader will think we have been long enough in *rue St. Honoré's*; *allons* then, we turn down the *rue du Cog*, a short street, but wide and well built, which brings us directly to the northern gate of the palace. Before we enter, let us say a few words about this superb building, whose architecture is generally considered the boast of the French metropolis. It is the most ancient of the royal palaces: its occupation by the kings of France may be traced as far back as *Dagobert*, whose successors made it their country residence for a long time. Nothing certain is known concerning the origin of its name, but in the year 1137, it was called *Louvreat's-tower*, so often mentioned in history, and served alternately as a palace for the French monarchs, and a prison for such of their principal feudatories as were guilty of treason. This tower, remarkable only for its enormous size and gloomy appearance, was pulled down in 1528. The present building consists of what is called the old and the new *Louvre*; the former, which was began under Francis the I. is that part of the pile which reaches from the *Pavillion* on the *Quay* to the one in the centre; this last and its adjoining wing, were added by Louis XIII. As it was still in an unfinished state at the accession of Louis XIV. that monarch resolved to complete it on the most magnificent scale. After viewing different plans, the one proposed by the cele-

brated architect Perrault, who, though bred a physician, was considered as the ablest architect of his time, was fixed upon, and the colonnade that decorates the eastern front rose under his direction; it is supposed to be the finest specimen of French architecture existing. Two circumstances induced Louis XIV. to discontinue the building—the immense expense with which its completion would have been attended, and his fondness for Versailles. Under his successors it advanced very slowly, and it was reserved for Buonaparte to bring it nearly to completion, for it is not yet quite finished. He took up the project of Louis XIV. that of uniting it with the Tuilleries; and, regardless of the expense, which could not be a matter of much consideration with a man who laid the whole continent under contribution, he caused the works to be carried on during fifteen years with the greatest activity. The exterior part of the edifice is now nearly completed, and the interior is in progress, but there still remains much to be done before it will be entirely finished.

The most splendid of the four entrances to the palace is that in the eastern front; which is of the Corinthian order, extending above five hundred and twenty feet in length. This front consists of two peristyles, forming galleries composed of twenty-eight coupled columns, and three projecting buildings on the ground floor, which form one continued plain basement. The lateral projecting buildings are adorned by six pilastres, and two columns of the Corinthian order. The principal entrance is decorated with eight double columns, crowned by a pediment, which is ornamented by a *basso relievo*, representing Victory in a car, distributing crowns. Above is a beautiful pediment, exquisitely executed. The bust of Louis XIV. occupies the highest part; Minerva is represented as placing it on a pedestal, whilst History writing beneath the words "*Ludovico Magno.*"

The ground story is perhaps too plain for the upper, and the coupling of the columns has been censured by some nice judges as ungraceful; but these faults do not strike you at first, and it must be owned that they are but slight blemishes in a work so magnificent. The other fronts would be thought very noble, were they not eclipsed by the colonnade. The architecture of the southern one is the best, being rich and graceful. The court, which is of immense dimensions, is flanked by four piles of buildings, ornamented with sculpture by the first masters. The four vestibules, through which you enter the palace itself, are also adorned with statues.



This splendid pile may be justly denominated the palace of the arts and sciences; as, besides containing the Royal Museum, there is held here, every two years, an exhibition of the works of modern native painters, and every third year one of the products of national industry. It is also intended to form in it a Museum of French sculpture. A detail of the manner in which the interior is embellished and fitted up would prove but little interesting to the reader. The state apartments are furnished and decorated in a style of heavy magnificence. Those reserved for the residence of the sovereign, though they have been long out of use, are fitted up in a much better and more simple taste.

I have spoken here of the Palace, though we did not visit it; my object being to see the Museum. When we reached the entrance of the grand gallery of paintings, Bonhommie asked me for my passport. I had left it at home. "That is unlucky," said he, "but never mind, we will get in." We were about to enter, when the Baron was stopped by the centinel, with "It is not a public day, sir."—"I know that, but my friend here is English."—"Where is his passport?"—"He has forgot to bring it."—"I can't suffer him to pass."—"Then, my good friend, you will force him to leave Paris, without seeing our Museum, the pride of France," and the wonder of the world." "*Ah! Parbleu!* no, that would be too bad; go in, gentlemen, go in."

"I knew that hint would do the business," said Bonhommie, laughing, as we entered. I stopped, and put my hand in my pocket. "Don't attempt to give him any thing," cried the Baron, who guessed my intention, "he would take it as an insult." This hint stopped my hand, and we proceeded to explore the treasures of the Museum.

This celebrated gallery is thirteen hundred and twenty-two feet in length, and forty-two in width; it unites the palaces of the Louvre and the Tuilleries. The ground floor is divided into eighteen saloons, decorated with paintings, and filled with antique sculpture. The collection, taken as a whole, is even now the noblest existing; what must it have been, then, when enriched with those spoils of which the Allies deprived it in 1815? The French still remember and resent, what they call, the injustice of that proceeding. One cannot well conceive what injustice there is in taking back that of which we have been robbed; but the French, with that inconsistency which marks the national character, say, they were theirs by right of con-



quest; forgetting that, if conquest gives right, the Allies could plead the same title. This superb collection recalls to the mind the ancient glories of Greece and Rome. The poets, whose classic strains we have so often rehearsed with delight; the heroes, whose exploits have caused our youthful hearts to glow with military ardour; the sages, whose wisdom we have seen piercing the thick veil of superstition and darkness which clouded their age, surround us on every side. The very ornaments of their dwellings, their *penates* and *lares* are before us; and we start as from a dream, in recollecting the many ages of time that have rolled into eternity, since the forms who seem, as it were, to stand before us in breathing marble, have mingled with the silent dust.

As my limits will not permit me to go into detail, I shall, in running over this noble collection, speak briefly of those subjects that interested me the most. In the Salle des Empereurs, the statue of Trajan is exquisitely executed; the attitude is noble and the head finely placed. The Venus Genetrix, in the Salle des Soisons, is a delightful personification of feminine beauty and softness; it forms a charming contrast to the dying warrior, placed near it, whose look, even in death, is marked by stern defiance. The Antoninus and the Tiberius, in the Salle des Romains, are deserving of the highest praise; the attitude of the latter is noble and commanding; the former is only a bust, but it is a singularly fine specimen of manly beauty. Some statues and busts, in the Salle des Centaure, are finely executed, as is a figure of a youthful Bacchus riding on a centaur. A Minerva and a Diana, in the Salle de Diane, are beautiful statues. The virgin huntress is in the act of drawing an arrow from her quiver; her attitude and expression are those of indignation. Nothing can be finer than her forehead and eye-brows, or more delicately beautiful than the sandaled foot, which looks as though it would scarcely brush the dew from the flower. The finely-formed features of the Minerva are truly characteristic of the goddess, who looks indeed "severe in youthful beauty."

The principal ornament of the Salle de Candélabra, is the Candelabrum from which it takes its name. Some of the figures of animals in this hall are exquisitely finished. The Flora and the Ceres, in the Salle du Tibre, are remarkably fine statues. The group representing the Tiber leaning on his urn, near which the she-wolf who suckled Romus and Romulus is caressing

them, is very fine. The colossal statue of Minerva, in the Salle de la Pallas, is equally remarkable for its exquisite proportions, the grace of its attitude, and the majestic beauty of the countenance. The muses, nymphs, and Cupids, of which there are several in the different halls, are all finely sculptured, and are perhaps of nearly equal merit, with the exception of a Cupid disguised as Hercules, in the Salle de Gladiateur; this is really a charming personification of the little deity; it breathes the very spirit of the playful malice which the poets attribute to him. The grand ornament of this hall is the magnificent statue from which it takes its name; a naked warrior, leaning forward; his left arm, protected by a buckler, is raised in an attitude of defence, while his right is drawn back as if to strike his adversary. We could almost fancy that we see the figure dilate before our eyes, by the force of that sentiment which prompts this wonderful exertion, and which is finely portrayed in the mingled expression of courage and scorn in the countenance. The figure is altogether the finest personification that can be conceived of valour and strength. I must, however, tear myself from these enchanting halls, not because I could not find a great deal more worthy of the reader's notice, but because I have not space to give even a catalogue of the admirable objects they contain. Indeed, independent of those objects, the rooms themselves are well worth examining, from the singular beauty of their architectural sculptures, their finely painted ceilings, and the many paintings of great merit which ornament their walls.

*Allons!* good reader, let us suppose ourselves in the picture gallery; the whole superb extent of which, is filled with paintings of all schools, ages, and masters. This gallery, as well as the Music des Antiques, has been deprived of some of its greatest ornaments by the {Allies, but it is still the most superb collection in Europe, containing 1246 pictures, which are arranged under the heads of French, Flemish, and Italian schools.

The first contains the works of celebrated French painters, none of whom are now living. The exquisite pictures of Claude Lorraine may be styled the gems of this school. Their richness both of colouring and design, dazzles at once both the eye and the imagination, and forms a delightful contrast to the terrible sublimity, the gloomy grandeur, which characterises the productions of Nicholas Poussin. Veruet has shewn us in his se-

ries of views of the sea-ports of France, how much the taste of a painter can embellish subjects little susceptible in themselves of picturesque effect. Le Brun's pieces present to us great beauties and great faults. His genius may justly claim the praise of the former, while many of the latter ought to be placed to the bad taste of the age in which he lived. The exquisite pieces of Mignard and Vanlos, which approach in grace and softness to the Italian school, are an agreeable contrast to the hardness and pomposity of Le Brun.

The Flemish school comprises the productions of the most celebrated German, Flemish, and Dutch masters.—These artists have been too often and too justly praised for their strict adherence to nature, and the fidelity with which they delineate the ordinary occurrences of life, to require any eulogium at my hands. I shall, therefore, only observe, that in viewing their productions you can scarcely believe you are looking at paintings; the objects have such a natural and exquisite finish, that you can hardly convince yourself they are not real. This is particularly the case in their figures of animals, and their delineation of the interior of cottages. But their genius never soars above common life; in subjects of a high nature it loses itself; their principal figures want dignity, and very often spoil the interest of the piece by the introduction of vulgar incidents.

Among the paintings of the Italian school are several by Raphael, Guido, and Titian. These inimitable compositions diminish, in some degree, the effect of the rest, though the greater part of them are excellent, and none below mediocrity. Here the admirer of nature, in all her various forms, may gaze without being satiated upon the exquisite landscapes of Albano, so justly celebrated for the softness and delicacy of his pencil. Of Annibal Carracci, who unites these qualities to a superior degree of vigour, of Salvator Rosa, that painter of nature in all her sublime but terrific grandeur.—But why should I particularize, where there are so many claims to excellence,—where the treasures of the art are so lavishly displayed, that the eye turns from masterpiece to masterpiece, scarcely knowing on which to bestow the palm?

The public day is Sunday; but foreigners and artists are admitted every day, except Monday. There are always a number of loungers in the gallery, because there are so many foreigners in Paris, and their French friends find admission with them. Parties stroll up and down, discussing alternately the



merits of the pictures and the news of the day; or criticising new books or plays. I could not help admiring the perfect self-possession with which, in the midst of this bustling scene, several fair artists continued their employment of copying different pictures. One of them, a pretty girl not above eighteen, was engaged in copying a charming groupe, St. Elizabeth and St. John presenting a lamb to the Virgin and infant Saviour. Two puppies, one of whom gave himself airs of connoisseurship, stopped repeatedly behind her, as if to examine the picture from which she was copying; the one affecting the most extravagant admiration of it, the other pretending to criticise its merits. The impertinence of these puppies would have completely disconcerted a woman of ordinary nerve, but it had no effect upon the fair artist, who pursued her employment apparently undisturbed, though it was easy to see, by the arch half-suppressed smile that played upon her lips, that she estimated these amateurs at their just value.

Bonhommie, in noticing to me her self-possession, said it was a common quality of his countrywomen, and appeared to be very proud of it. I do not know whether the reader will think me illiberal when I say, that I was far from being pleased with the pretty artist's *sang froid*. There is something revolting in the idea of a woman, in the very spring-time of life, sustaining, unblushingly, an attack of that kind, by which she shews herself very deficient in that feminine delicacy, that retiring modesty, which is the loveliest ornament of the sex. It is a quality, however, which Frenchmen, in general, are not very capable of estimating; therefore, it is the less to be lamented that it is rarely to be found in Frenchwomen.

We passed from the Grand Galerie into the Music des Dessins, which is kept in the gallery of Apollo, so called from the paintings that ornament its ceiling. The objects, in this Museum, consist of original drawings, sketches, paintings in water colours, etchings, enamels, miniatures, Etruscan vases, and various curiosities. The most remarkable part of this collection are the enamels, which are certainly beautiful. This Museum has been the greatest sufferer by the claims of the Allies,—it was first opened under the republic, and was speedily enriched by the spoils which the French armies wrested from the different nations whom they conquered; but these of course were withdrawn in the year 1815.

(To be continued.)



## LOVE.

THE dreary month of Sagittarius had already announced the hoary-headed winter. The sun threw but faint beams, and the long nights succeeded rapidly to the short day.—Now adieu, adieu to the laughing meadows, the shady woods, and murmuring streams: for the god who rides upon the tempest, rough with snow and icicles, chased far away the expiring autumn. It was now necessary to return to that tumultuous city, where all the passions foment, and seem to corrupt the air with the breath of their impurity. I abandoned, with regret, those pleasant meadows where six months had passed away like one beautiful summer day. When I had performed about half my journey, I stopped, as evening drew on, at a small inn, in order that I might there pass the night. Seated by a large fire, from whence a bright light proceeded, I warmed my hands almost benumbed with cold, when a young woman of interesting figure entered the room; her look and manners ennobled her dignified simplicity; she held something carefully wrapt up with tenderness to her bosom. Scarcely was she at my side, when she unwrapt it, and disclosed to my sight the sweetest infant that I had ever seen. This scene, natural and common as it was, touched me to the heart, on account of the grace, the noble countenance, and the modest beauty of the lovely mother. The most delicate features seemed marked out by pride, in the contour of a sweet and affecting physiognomy.

Her eyes were full of fire, but modesty tempered their vivacity; her tone was firm, although a little agitated; and the *tout ensemble* formed a figure, charming and interesting. Excited more by the tender interest which I took in her, than by any feeling of curiosity, I ventured to ask her from whence she came, and if she had far to go with that heavy burthen? "This is not a burthen," she replied, in a sweet tone of voice; "my child is too dear to me, to be heavy in my arms, nor will I ever repose myself from so lovely a charge, until I shall place him in the arms of his father. O that I were arrived at that happy moment! But though fate detains him, yet hope gives me courage to expect him." These words, pronounced with some ardour, inspired me with a desire of knowing more. I questioned her with that respect and delicacy, which, without any other kind of violence, invite the innocent soul to dis-

close her innermost secrets. Her simplicity, at every question, hesitated for some time; but at length, whether my manner of speaking inspired her with some confidence in me, or whether she found some consolation in relating her sorrows to me, she thus began:—

“ You will easily know, from my pronunciation, that I am not a native of this province. I was born at ——. I lost my mother soon after my birth, and soon arrived at that age when all the world appears to be seducing, and when one becomes so one's self. Among so many eyes who endeavoured to fix mine, there were two, to which I found it impossible not to reply. I could not prevent it, for when I saw them, I thought that I saw the pure flame of happiness residing in them, and my heart pined with the sickness of desire. We were soon both in the same situation; we understood each other. Our hearts were united; and our love became still more violent on account of our being under the obligation of concealing it. My parents were in good circumstances, but their characters were ungovernable. My lover was young, well made, sensible, and virtuous; but his fortune was very far inferior to mine. They refused their consent to my marriage; and a rich man, without politeness and without merit, came to ask my consent and affections; just as one would ask for a jewel for which one had some fancy. The opportunity appeared so advantageous, that I was allowed but two days, plunged in sorrows as I was, to meditate upon my future destination, and to give my decision. It is useless to say that for a young girl, timid and inexperienced, it was impossible to struggle with an imperious father. I found that my strength was not sufficient for this; and I consulted my lover, as it were, that which I held most dear in the world, and said to him, ‘ I see nothing but death which can deliver me from the power of a father, who seems rather to thunder than command. What can I do?’—‘ Let us fly,’ said he, ‘ if you love me, flight is necessary.’—And he closed me in his arms without speaking. ‘ Other countries,’ continued he, ‘ offer us an asylum from the reach of tyranny; let us go; the earth offers her nourishment to her laborious sons. God has given us hearts made one for another; and to his providence therefore we must consign ourselves. Come! from henceforth my arm shall guide your trembling steps.’ His voice, endowed with the soft accents of kindness, succeeded in persuading me to concede to this. Love lends us his wings, and all his imprudence also. In our transport, we should have

been, I think, at the other end of the world, had not our slender stock of pecuniary resources failed us. Surprised, we looked at one another, and already in debt in the place where you now see me, we were not permitted to depart. I carried at my breast, this infant who now charms both your eyes and mine. What a situation for a mother—for a husband! I call him my husband, for he is effectually mine.

"Our mutual oaths have mounted to the throne of the Divinity; that is our only witness; but neither of us is sufficiently base to break them. My husband in his misery, remembered an uncle whose beneficent humanity he had often heard of. He occupied a lucrative situation, not far from this place. 'Have you sufficient resolution,' said he to me, 'to see me depart alone, that I may interest a relation of mine sufficiently in our misfortunes, to succour us in this our misery? for I die of grief and shame to see the state to which we are reduced. The labour of my hands would be insufficient to extricate us from our difficulties. Remain here as a pledge, and fear nothing.'—'Go,' said I, 'bathing him with my tears, for I doubt not thy affection. No! nor will I ever! thy hand hath never brought the stroke of affliction upon me.'—He departs. For three months I have mourned his absence, and have, as yet, received no news of him. Others would suspect his fidelity, but I am far from entertaining so horrible a thought. My husband is not dead, for heaven is just; I know not where he is, but I expect him every day; in the mean time I have brought into the world, his child and mine, which has never yet been blest with the sight of his father; nor hath he received his son within his arms, nor embraced him with paternal tenderness. O heaven! in what disquietude he must be plunged! wherever he is, he is in affliction. I want not anything here, it is true; the people of this house have interested themselves in my fate. They have not suspected my honour, but the birth of this infant hath accumulated my debts. O, the hardship of owing these slender pittances to the pity of another! How great would my despair be, if religion did not sustain my heart! I weep, as I kiss my infant, when I remember that the first nourishment he has received is in the name of charity!

"I find that they are already tired of the feeble succours which they have hitherto afforded me—I am asked, what is the reason, that I receive no accounts of my husband, and if he will return soon? I know not what to answer to those



questions—Every one is astonished at my courage, but no one possesses a heart like mine.”

I remained in silence, now and then wiping away a tear that sprung to my eyes. She pursued, in a tone more animated—“Ah! if he was alive, he would be at my side; but this infant, in whom I embrace and imagine that I see him, this is the chain that attaches me to hope and life.” As she finished saying this, she kissed him tenderly, giving him one of those inexpressible looks, in which the full force and energy of nature are painted. The head of her infant was modestly laid upon her kerchief, that he might suck at his ease the delicious milk from her beautiful breast. It was of a dazzling whiteness: I was a little troubled. How beautiful she then seemed—Ah! I have seen the majesty of kings seated upon their thrones, but she seemed to me, while thus employed, to be far more majestic and more worthy of respect. But all at once, a young man, a little disordered, enters with precipitation; he flies into the arms of this tender mother, and holds her long locked as it were to his heart. It is unnecessary to ask, who this is? Now, with tenderness and astonishment, she presents her son to him—that son which as yet he had not seen. As he took him into his arms, he was no longer master of himself; he lifted his eyes towards heaven, and the warm tears trickled down his cheeks; he shewed the sentiments of his heart, by exclamations full of joy, but broken and interrupted. Carried away by rapid and confused feelings, he pressed by turns the mother and infant to his breast. The tears of this innocent creature shook his whole soul, he answered to them by kisses. He could not tear himself from this part of himself, which was dearer to him than his life. All the witnesses were greatly agitated at this affecting spectacle, by the most lively emotions. I partook of the pleasure with which they were transported! the wish of speaking more freely drew them to their own chamber.—The young man sustained the trembling steps of his wife, whose strength seemed exhausted by her excess of joy. The vigilance of her eye abandoned not her son, and I saw them retire with sorrow. They took away with them the delicious pleasure of contemplating their mutual love and tenderness. I was conducted into a chamber, and I perceived that it was the next to hers. The door which stood ajar, and which was slightly covered with a piece of tapestry, let me hear their voices with the greatest ease.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## MACDONALD'S COTTAGE.

(Continued from page 218.)

MARIA was at that happy age which neither reasons, thinks, nor dreads; life had been to her but one delightful scene of happiness, kindness, and splendour; not a thought darkened the sun of her existence, except when disappointed of seeing Macdonald; and daily she would steal out, alone, and speed along the mountain path to gaze, unseen, upon the cottage that sheltered him, or even the very dog that called him master.

Driving his plough, and whistling to his team, Macdonald would often pass before her in the fields, unconscious of the dear eyes that were watching him amongst the birken craigs of Glenquair. Maria would look from master to cottage, and cottage to master, until her cheeks were deluged with tears; and her heart bounding with the wish of being a loved inhabitant of Glenquair. All around the place was humble, but sweet as a fairy glen. The low cottage with its heather roof, and small, but clear windows; the thick green sward, neat and smooth; around, the rose-bushes and honey-suckle, that here rose up in rich luxuriance, and sometimes mingled their flowers amongst the fragrant birks and saughs, that bent their sweet heads almost down to the clear Burn that ran, like sparkling silver, beneath their spreading branches.

Macdonald and Maria had never said to each other—"I love you,"—nor ever, even in their conversation, made the slightest allusion to the subject; yet they knew they were interesting to each other: when they met, the slow, but constant progression that brought them side by side; the looks that were for ever meeting; the pensive lingering of Maria until Macdonald joined her; and then her gay joy and utter carelessness of her other companions; her morning walks along the bleak mountain-path above Glenquair; Macdonald's constant appearance at the same hour; the rising colour as they spoke; the silent joining of each other; the petitioning offer of the arm; and then the soft, but firm clasp of Maria's hand as it rested on his, required no words no say—"We love each other—we seek each other."

Macdonald now spent almost every evening at Ara-castle; it was generally filled with guests, and always gay with music and dancing; Maria was gathering a collection of Highland airs; and Macdonald in helping her to select them had ever occupation

by her side. All the young men, visiting at the castle, were anxious to assist her; far and near they put their friends in requisition to procure tunes for them; Macdonald had no such helps; he whistled over the songs he liked; and Maria noted them down; her little book was filled with them, while those of her other assistants were tossed about on the piano, without a care for their safety.

Macdonald noticed all this; and Miss Jeanie begun to fear that Allan's wits were turning. If it had not been for her, his little farm would have been wholly neglected; but she, having managed in her nephew's absence formerly, was able to direct; and see that nothing was now forgotten. To scold Macdonald, at no time, she could, but sometimes she would gently say, "Ou, Allan daughtie, yere nae gaun o'er the hill the day?" And Allan, ashamed of being continually absent, would laugh away his confusion; and stay at home to please her, whilst he scarcely knew either what he was doing or saying.

On one of these days, Maria looked in vain for him; she threw the window wide open, but as far as she could stretch no Macdonald was to be seen; an hour of expectation passed heavier than ten would have flown in his company; no amusement could beguile Maria's thoughts from him; she withdrew from the drawing-room, and putting on her bonnet, speeded through the woods of Ara, and away to the craigs of Glenquair, to look at Macdonald's cottage, since she could not see himself.

Down rocks and paths that would have frightened her to look at before she knew Macdonald, Maria scrambled her way until she came to a shelving craig, where, hid behind the birks, she could look down on Glenquair and its cottage.

The master was no where to be seen, but Miss Jeanie was on the green, spreading out some yarn to the forenoon sun.—A cat and a dog, in perfect fellowship, were standing beside her, and Miss Jeanie would now and then interrupt her labours to pat the head of each, taking due care that her favour should be equally distributed, so as not to excite jealousy in either of her four-footed attendants.

"And she is mistress of Macdonald's cottage?" thought Maria. "O, that it were me! I would rather be in that green glen, than the king of England's queen!"

All the generous and romantic thoughts of sixteen rushed across Maria's tender mind; her eyes were fixed on the cot-



tage, her heart on its master; and twenty times she would sigh, "Happy, happy Miss Jeanie!"

Her arm and her head were resting on the bank, when something cold touched her cheek; and at the same moment, Ryno, a pointer of Macdonald's, laid his paw upon her lap as an acquaintance.—Startled by the dog, and apprehensive of being discovered by his master, she rose hastily up with a glance all around, and perceived Macdonald leaping from a jutting craig with his gun across his shoulder.

It was a secret wholly Maria's that she had ever attempted to descend the glen; from Macdonald she had guarded it like death, aware that only one construction could be put upon her venturing along such wild and almost inaccessible paths.—Her surprise as seeing him amounted nearly to agony, and the astonishment in his countenance still more increased it.—She attempted to move away, but blind and stupified with confusion, she missed her footing and fell down off the craig.—It passed in a moment from Macdonald's appearance; with a cry of alarm he sprung to her assistance, and lifted her up from amongst the underwood and hanging trees, that had intercepted her fall. Speechless from fright, for a moment he could only press her wildly to his breast, trembling and palpitating as the soft slight form he supported.—"Oh God!—are you hurt, Maria?" he at last uttered, in appalled accents, still clasping her closer and closer to him.

"Not any; not much;" replied Maria; struggling to rise from Macdonald's arms; he half released her, and again anxiously enquired where she was hurt. The blood appearing through the sleeve of her gown, answered the question; and the sanguine hue made Maria's cheek become still more pallid, while Macdonald's grew pale as death with apprehension. He gently moved her arm in terror of finding it broken; but luckily no bone was injured—a bruise and perhaps a sprain seemed the extent of the accident. The wound, however, bled profusely, and Macdonald wrapping it up in his handkerchief, begged she would go down to the cottage, and get it properly bound up.—Maria, at first, was averse to it, but Macdonald's entreaties, added to the tremor she was still in, from her fright, overpowered her reluctance, and with trembling heart she descended the glen to enter, for the first time, Macdonald's cottage; where she fancied all that was dear and happy on earth was enclosed.

Miss Jeanie had spread out her bleaching, and having finished her out-door work, returned to the house, and sat herself down to her wheel, never to lose a moment in idleness; the burr of the wheel and the old lilt she was humming, prevented her hearing the approach of the youthful couple, until they had entered the wee room, and almost come to her side. Miss Jeanie started up as if she had seen a vision. Miss Græme of Aracastle! Miss Jeanie curtsied to the very floor, and could scarcely speak her thanks for the "unco honour that was deen her."

Macdonald cut her speech short, by telling her that Miss Græme had met with an accident and required some linen to bind up her arm. Miss Jeanie's awkwardness vanished; she shone when a kind action was to be performed; and all her awe of the great lady was lost immediately in sympathy and anxiety for the sufferer.

The fair arm of Maria was instantly uncovered; and Macdonald bathed the blood from it, while Miss Jeanie prepared a bandage.

"Be tainty noo, Allan," said Miss Jeanie, in a pitying voice as she looked on, "tak care an' dinna hurt her: I doot its unco sair."

To others it might have been so; but Maria neither saw the blood, nor felt the pain; she only saw Macdonald, and only felt the clasp of his hand, as he bathed her arm, with, almost, the soft touch of an infant. At last, his occupation was over, and he resigned the fair hand to Miss Jeanie.

"Troth, its an ugly cut," said she, as she bound it up: "bit nae wonder though ye fell; its kittle road our glen for feet like your's. I houp, Allan, it wasna you brought Miss Græme sic roads."

Maria's cheek grew redder than her blood, and the conscious blush made Allan's face colour with rapture. "I did not know it was so dangerous, it looked so lovely.—I did not know the road," Maria attempted to utter; but her voice was lost in confusion, and scarcely articulate. "But Allan sud hae kent the gate better," added Miss Jeanie; "mony a day does he clim up an' doon; he might ken ilka stane o' the road by this time."—"Come, Miss Jeanie," said Macdonald gaily, "do not scold me any more; had I known of Miss Græme's walk to the glen, I would have led her a safer path than she chose."

"The sun was so warm on the hill," said Maria timidly, "that I was glad to seek shelter amongst he trees."

C. B. M.

(To be continued.)

## NOVEL WRITERS, AND THEIR MISERIES.

It cannot fail to appear singular to those who observe the growth of opinions, and who are accustomed to register facts in their recollection, that, during a period of several past years, when acts of charity and munificence abounded in the land, no attention has been directed, and no pity exercised, towards that class of the community registered as modern novel writers, more especially, to the female part of them.

That the subject was worthy consideration, will, we trust, admit of no doubt; and certainly not the less so, in that the parties required from their fellow-creatures, rather the exercise of kindly feelings, general encouragement, and sympathy, than more substantial proofs of benevolence; and it must be admitted that the persons spoken of have generally exerted their talents for beneficial purposes; and have, in a great measure, succeeded in cleansing our circulating libraries from the puerile and "perilous stuff" which disgraced the preceding age.

Without adverting to that uncontrollable influence by which more than two-thirds of the race may be deemed, in a literary sense, annihilated, surely the few who continue to "fret their hour upon the stage" are entitled to much consideration, as industrious and not unskilful labourers, in a wide and important vineyard. Many had borne the heat of a toilsome day, when, with evening, arrived the "GREAT UNKNOWN," who deprived the garden not only of its green laurels but its golden fruit. He left his predecessors (when, like Wolsey, they were "weary with age and service") to the "mercy of a rude stream" which swept them to the oblivion of full shelves, and the misery of empty pockets, in addition to those more peculiar evils and sorrows incident to the profession, and which we beg leave to offer to general attention.

If an actress be the object of compassion, because she is known to enter so fully into her histrionic character, as, for a few hours, to be absorbed in the imaginary sufferings of the heroine she represents, what shall be said of the self-inflctions of the novel writer? In forming her own creations of beauty and excellence, she certainly will not fail to endow



them with every virtue, and grace them with every charm, more especially such as are endeared to her memory by recollection, and familiar to her imagination by adoption. Yet in order to frame a story, develop a character, or convey a lesson, she is under the distressing necessity of afflicting those whom she most esteems, and of contriving trials and difficulties for those beloved beings whom she knows to be least deserving of punishment, and on whom her heart is yearning to bestow that felicity, which, according to all rule, can never be given till the very moment when she closes the work, and dismisses them from her hands.

"If," as Yorick says, "we take a single victim" and watch him (or her) through five volumes as thick as the "Wanderer," or the "Scottish Chiefs," shall not we behold in all their melancholy detail, injuries and sorrows, mysteries, perplexities and embarrassments, following each other, in quick succession and pitiless fury, upon the head of the fairest, gentlest, noblest being to be found in the group? How often is the innocent robbed and deceived,—the rich and high born reduced to poverty,—the generous, to dependance? Unlike the historian, who gives only general characteristics and general effects, it is demanded from the novel biographer, to disclose every thought and every emotion, which harrows the bosom of his suffering subject—to shew not only how the arrow of misfortune entered, but where it lacerated the bosom of its victim. Her chamber is violated, her very prayers recorded—even her sleep is witnessed, and every start of uneasiness, every wandering dream which betrays weakness, or reveals misery, faithfully registered.

Yet this laying bare the recesses of a troubled heart is neither the result of unhallowed curiosity, nor revengeful cruelty; for such feelings would find a hateful gratification in the afflicting spectacle—No! it is all done "in sorrow, not in anger;" it is the labour of a tender, sympathising spirit, which echoes "sigh for sigh" with the child of its creation and adoption, yet persists in thus purifying the creature, to be exhibited as an example of perfection, as an object of interest. Hence innumerable dangers, terrific threatenings, death-like swoonings, eternal wanderings, and the long fastings of an Anchorite, are the common gift of the novel mother to the darling she is

conducting through this rugged and bewildering path, to all earthly happiness.

As the writer advances in life and in authorship, new difficulties arise to her through the want of new materials: for although she believes that the actual varieties of human situation as well as character, are, in fact, more remarkable than any within the range of fancy, she is yet aware that a woman whose sedentary occupation and prescribed situation in life forbid much personal observation, should be ever within the limits of probability. A new story must therefore be spun out of slender materials—her principles and her taste are the only immutable elements she must use in the compound, for new situations, new sorrows, new perplexities, new conduct, and, in some sort, new sentiments, are called for, to impress that old, incontrovertible maxim, that "Vice is misery." Yet this truth must be veiled, and disguised a thousand ways, lest people should see that the author was so impertinent as to be seeking to do them good.

Then how many are our minor difficulties! (we confess to being of the sisterhood.) To what shifts are we reduced in these fastidious times! The labour of merely finding names, when you have passed your twentieth volume, becomes a matter of serious importance, since you must have inevitably exhausted the Beverleys, Harcourts, Campbells, Montgomerys, Cavendishes, and Davenports, in your higher ranks, and been equally free with the Allens, Johnsons, Smiths, and Wilsons', in the lower. You have had Louisas, Emelies, Julianas, Rosaes, and Ellens, in your own sex: Edwards and Henries, Alfreds and Frederics, in the other; in situations varying from the sons of dukes to those of cottagers—from victorious generals to poor sabalterns, and are perpetually fearing to recur to them again, fearful that memory, more faithful in her impressions than jaded invention, should, with the name, recal some portion of the former history, or description; and thus make you guilty of a "twice told tale."

In fact, such deep hold of the heart will these children of the brain frequently take when we have, from necessity, held unceasing intercourse with them through four or five volumes, it is almost impossible to shake it off entirely; and, therefore, when we (ourselves) meet with an old favourite under a new name, amongst our fellow-labourers, we receive him with complacency,

and renew our acquaintance with pleasure. But alas! this accommodating temper is by no means general: others term these interesting resuscitations "stale hashes of old materials." No tender recognition of a noble lover—no sympathy for an heroic spirit newly embodied, to run another arduous career, affects their minds. We may term them "courteous readers," but we know too well that their hospitality always rejects friends, and entertains only strangers. Every leading personage must be inevitably consigned to death or matrimony; and, after the committal of either, they are deemed unfit to be seen again in good company. Sir Charles Grandison himself could not have walked a minuet, had he been advanced to the peerage and brought out in a succeeding work; and the re-appearance of Tom Jones as Booth, proved detrimental to the fame of Amelia, although the most lovely and virtuous female pourtrayed by the pen of Fielding.

In truth, novelty is perpetually demanded even in cases where it cannot be provided. Many times have we lamented that our heroines must have eyes either black, blue, hazel, or grey:—that complexion is confined to the transparently fair, the brilliant brunette, or the marbly pale. A hero may have a high white forehead, but he must have a touch of the bronze or the ruddy; now a cerulean maid and a purple youth, would make a variety, but so closely are we tied to common sense and real life, so constantly reminded by those stern guardians, the critics, of our duty, that no one dare take a step in fairy land; we are alternately abused for our romance, and despised for being common-place—blamed for an eccentric character or improbable adventure, on the one hand; and discarded, on the other, for our excessive dullness and ennui-exciting stupidity.

If such are the effects of our labours on fastidious readers, (who yet cannot exist without our assistance) how are we received by that circle of friends and neighbours amongst whom alone we live, and on whose favour depends our being? Truly, so far as our own observation goes, the most humble and unpretending of our numerous family find it a difficult thing to hold "the even tenor of their way" in the world, even in its snuggest corners, its "most sequestered glades." The woman of fashion may, now and then, exhibit one of us at her crowded assemblies, as a species of female ouran-outang, and by the suavity of her manners support her through the weighty ho-



nours and appalling pleasures of our evening's endurance of the honours of notoriety; but the whole race of managing wives and thrifty maidens, to say nothing of that heartless race of buzzing insects which is devoid of any pretension to the merits of either, unite in condemning her as an "oddity" at best, but generally as an "improvident, idle, slatternly, conceited woman, whose husband and children (if she have such relatives) are exceedingly to be pitied, and with whom (if she is single) it would be madness to become connected."

It may be said, "that the stinging of such gnats ought not to trouble a woman, conscious of fulfilling her duties, and engaged in some which call for the deepest attention, in addition to those which are commonly demanded of her sex." But we are all, more or less, acted upon by those around us; and as woman is, by nature and habit, appropriated to domestic uses, her sensibility on this point is generally so very delicate, that a very contemptible insect may inflict a wound upon it. We all know that whilst important concerns engage the attention of the mistress of a house, minor ones cannot always be done; and that in her numerous occupations, it must inevitably happen that something is omitted or postponed. However rapid may be her mind, or her movements, her hands will not, at the same moment, correct a proof and mend her stockings. She has all the common cares of life to meet, together with the accumulated load of the sorrow she must invent, must dwell upon, must lament—in order that her readers may feel for an hour, what she has felt for a year. Yet the common cares, evils, and occupations of life must be endured by her as by others—losses and taxes, hard times, and abridged means, are visitants of her dwelling, and like the rest of her sex, she finds accounts to inspect, children to guide, servants to govern, invalids to nurse, linen to sew, dinners to provide, letters to write, friends to receive, and strangers to conciliate. With a perpetual hurry on her mind, she must yet ensure hours for calm cogitation, half days of quietness, and nights in which the repose demanded by weary nature, must be sacrificed to the necessity for writing or thinking in uninterrupted tranquillity.

Surely, under these pressing grievances, we have a right to ask, more especially from the young and the ailing, whom we have sought to amuse or console, some conceding kindness, some ameliorating influence, which may cheer us on our way,

recruit our languishing powers, and prolong our literary existence. We are now, like the remnant of a city depopulated by the plague, and there would not be much difficulty in cherishing so feeble a band. As it is evident that periodical works alone divide the public attention and patronage with the Scottish novels, surely it is justifiable, through their means, to seek consolation in this day of mortification and almost extinction. The purity of our intention, the extent of our labours, the variety of our troubles, (which when ludicrous are not, therefore, the less, but the more, grievous) and finally the justice of our cause, entitle us to kind recollections and friendly offices. We have been swept away by repeated irruptions from the *great Borderer* and his followers, and as we presume not to doubt the right of conquest, in a case where the power of genius is so unquestionable; yet we may insist on a right also to be remembered and esteemed, since our talents, although inferior, cannot be deemed contemptible.

B.

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*To the EDITOR of the LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.*

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*King's-bench Prison, March 16th, 1826.*

MR. EDITOR,

ALTHOUGH I have not hitherto had the honour of being enrolled among your Correspondents, I have nevertheless enjoyed the pleasure of being your constant reader. From your "Mirror of Fashion" my wife derives her instructions for "the make" of her own gowns, and my daughter's frocks; and from the varied stores of tale, essay, and anecdote, which your pages furnish, we have all derived recreation and amusement; especially when, the weary labours of the day being terminated, and seated in almost "imperial pride" in my easy elbow-chair, my pretty Kate has, alternately with her not less lively sister Julia, cheated the otherwise dull and lingering hours of winter's evenings, by reading aloud the Ladies' Museum to their mother and myself. You must know, Mr. Editor, I was, until lately, a merchant, who, by industry and frugality, and not by speculation, had amassed for my family a few thousands; my sons are well circumstanced

in life, but alas! in distant climes:—for my daughters, I had destined the principal part of my property—when, in an evil hour, anxious to increase their portion, I was persuaded to invest nearly all my disposable property in the purchase of shares in some of our numerous new Companies.—You may now guess the result. The hard earnings of a long life became sacrificed to the dishonest speculations and delusive proposals of designing men. The late “panic,” as it is called, threw back daily on my hands, dishonoured bills; my banker’s book told a daily melancholy tale; my credit, once unshaken and unsuspected, became endangered; my golden dreams of wealth all vanished into air; and the failure of my bankers at this juncture soon numbered me among the many who *once* were respectable and good. Borne by a tide of misfortune which no subsequent prudence nor care could stem or avert, I have been plunged into absolute ruin; and, in order to save my friends from liability, or loss, have rendered to this place. My wife and family being provided with apartments in the neighbourhood, I am daily privileged with their society; and, in this respect, am far more fortunate than most of my unhappy associates. It is now a month since I became an inmate of this place, and in that time, my natural repugnance to new society has gradually subsided; and in the coffee-room, and at Mr. Gordon’s library, I have made some acquaintance of a very agreeable and even desirable nature. Community of suffering has produced among us sympathy of feeling, and called into exercise the most benevolent and friendly affections. At a late meeting of our little society, among much miscellaneous conversation, it was accidentally mentioned that the individual history of all present would, very probably, furnish both entertainment and instruction to the whole circle—and,—I could not help adding,—to the world generally.

Walking this morning on the Parade, I was accosted by Mr. T. one of our little Reading-society, who stated it to be his intention to propose, (as an agreeable employment after our respective friends had withdrawn at the close of the gates) that we should each briefly narrate the leading circumstances in our lives, and offer them as matter of observation and remark to the wisdom and judgment of the assembled circle. Conceiving that the tedium of time would thus be beguiled; and much serious and practical wis-



dom inculcated on all, I promised to support and recommend the proposal with all my influence and power of argument. Accordingly, the matter was mentioned whilst we waited the arrival of the daily papers—and, after much discussion, the proposition was adopted without a dissentient voice; and to an amendment of mine, Mr. Editor, you are indebted for this contribution and to the offer of future ones; for I could not help observing that whatever lesson these serious narratives might teach, (and I felt persuaded they were calculated to teach many important ones), it was desirable that they should not be limited in the extent of their influence. I therefore, proposed that each individual member of the society should commit his history to paper, and that, under feigned names, it should be transmitted to your miscellany, that thus the many might be taught by the experience of the few. This proposition, after much discussion, and some individual reluctance, was at length carried. As the humble proposer, I am instructed, Mr. Editor, to solicit the favour of your consent to receive and print the respective narratives.—Of course, I am unprepared to pledge myself to their general interest, or practical usefulness: but as it is proposed that each narrative shall be placed in my hands, previously to its public reading, I will undertake that nothing shall be offered to your notice which good sense or moral feeling ought to withhold. May I therefore request you to state if we may calculate on your acquiescence in this matter; that no time may be lost in the needful correction, and punctual transmission of these “sketches from life?”

I am, Mr. Editor,

Your obedient servant,

“OBSERVER.”

[In answer to Observer's letter, the Editor has to express his full conviction of the interest and beneficial consequences which the offered communication must combine; if the tale be but faithfully and honestly told. “Scenes from Life” possess an interest even beyond romance, and impress a lesson which the novelist can never teach. We therefore encourage Observer to forward us the promised “Sketches” at his earliest convenience.]

## THE WIDOW OF THE LOIRE.

A simple Tale of Fact.

“ There is a Providence that shapes our lot,  
Rough cast it as we will !

(Concluded from page 201.)

GENEVIEVE entered her desolate apartment; she went through to her mother's; and, there, with some feeling of comfort, found her still in so profound a sleep, that even her breathing seemed quiet as a babe's; and she inly congratulated herself, that she had thus escaped the necessity of forming excuses for her brothers' continued absence, till it should please heaven to bring her some tidings of them, either by their own return, or from the kind officer. But Genevieve little guessed that all this proneness to sleep in her mother, was rather the signs of life gradually sinking away, under the exhaustion of unassisted nature, than that salutary repose which invigorates, while it hushes to a motionless tranquillity.

Genevieve had sat silently by her side, for above an hour, every lingering minute of which was counted by the watching, anxious yearnings of her heart, for some news of her dear brothers, when the little girl stepped half-way into the door, and beckoned her. Genevieve sprung forward, and hastily passed her into the ante-room. A soldier stood there, who respectfully presented her with a note. She tore it open, and read as follows:—

“ A mistake has happened, with regard to your brothers; and I hasten to one, who has power to set all right; therefore, noble daughter of the brave, rest in confidence till evening, when I trust to return with them to a sister so worthy of their love.”

On reading this, Genevieve, in moveless alarm, asked the soldier, whence he brought that note. Most unluckily the officer in his zeal to get off, whither he meant to go without delay, forgot to warn his messenger against answering any questions that might be put to him by the lady, to whom he was to carry the note; and he replied at once, that he brought it from his citizen master, just as he was mounting his horse, at the door of La force. Genevieve knew this was the prison

of the city, and with an instant shriek she asked, whether her brothers, by any accident, were confined there.

"Your brothers? poor lady!" returned the man, "has not the lieutenant told you all, in that letter?"

"What all!" faltered out Genevieve.

"Why, a man has been robbed and murdered, and they—"

Genevieve heard no more; she fell insensible to the floor; and the soldier, provoked with himself, and something alarmed at the consequence of having betrayed more than his officer had intended, rushed from the room, leaving the wretched sister lying like one dead; and Adele, the daughter of the landlady, nearly as petrified by the implied relation, standing by her. But at last rallying herself, to administer some aid, she ran down stairs, and brought in a kind neighbour or two; for though almost all in that miserable suburb were nearly pennyless, yet the heart was humane to each other; and pity might sooth, when means of other assistance were impossible. These women soon recovered Genevieve to motion, and to sense of life; to a maddening apprehension of what had possessed her mind when she fainted; and the note of the officer was yet clasped in her hand.

The women had had the precaution to remove her, during her insensibility, across the little lane, into one of their own hovels; that her natural shrieks, in the minutes of returning sensation, might not terrify the poor unconscious mother. One of them, therefore, who could read, read the officer's note; and another of them ran off to La force, to learn particulars of what had happened. For all who knew the boys, and every one in this group had at different times been obliged to them for some little service, declared it impossible that either of them could be guilty of any thing to deserve a prison. All this while, Genevieve sat up on the wretched mattress on which they had laid her, listening, in a kind of dumb despair, to their several earnest reasonings. But at length the woman who had run to La force returned; she merely put in her head into the doorway, and disappeared again. Genevieve was not looking to that point at the moment, so did not see her, but the rest of the women remarked the terrific signal, and two hastily withdrew. Genevieve's ear, however, caught the buzz of whispers in hurried, horrid communication, and ejaculations! She sprung from the bed, and rushed towards them; they stood



like three trembling spectres before her, pale and in tears—"Where are they?" cried she; "where are my brothers?—what have they done with them? I will seek them myself in this land of blood!"—And she was darting near them, towards the open street; though then almost half undressed, as the women had left her during their efforts to recover her. But the strongest of the good matrons seized her in her arms, and carried her raving in her struggles, back to the pallet and room she had quitted.

Meanwhile, Theodore and Armand, who had been hastily condemned, on the vehement evidence of the father of the deceased, before Adolphe, the young officer, had entered the room of justice, passed their hours in their dungeon, like creatures whose faculties were benumbed; at least, so it continued for a long time; till, at last, Armand, drawing close to his brother, put his arms round his neck, and, in an hardly articulate voice, said—"To-night, you know, dear Theodore, we must die, if that kind officer does not bring us our pardon! and we have no good priest to come to us, and pray for us! Oh, Theodore, God will be his own best priest to us, if you will but kneel down, and pray, with me!"

"Armand, you can pray; and God will hear your prayers, for you are an innocent lamb, whom I have murdered: I have not shed that man's life, for whom we die; but my meditated robbery has brought your untimely death upon me! and my doom is just, for the sin of Cain is mine! How, then, can such a wretch approach the throne of mercy?"

"By its being the throne of mercy!" exclaimed Armand, throwing himself on his knees, and holding up his clasped hands; "did not our dear father always forgive us, when we were really sorry for any thing we did wrong, and told him so with humbleness of spirit? And do you not remember, what you were reading out of the holy book, to our mother, when these horrid men came in, and drove you to the despair that brought us here? Was it not the story of the prodigal son? and does not the divine voice that told it, assure his disciples, that in like manner the father of all mankind pardons the truly repentant sinner; and not only pardons him, but receives him again to his arms, as a son! Pray then, with me, dearest Theodore! to our heavenly father, and, I know!—I know you will die happy!"

Theodore could not answer his brother; his heart was too full; his soul too deeply impressed by his innocent persuasions; and in a passion of contrite, and even healing tears, he knelt down by his almost infant monitor, and both prayed fervently; Armand, at times, audibly, with all the fervour of his artless and devoutly confident angelic spirit; Theodore, silently—but his soul was even more prostrated before the altar of mercy, than his lowly-bent knees.—They had thus been nearly a quarter of an hour engaged, in preparing their way for the awful change they were so soon to undergo; for the lateness of the hour, now on the verge of that which was to seal their fate, had quite extinguished all hope of the officer's return in time, when a great bustle was heard in the prison.

Theodore, believing the moment was indeed come, started from his knees, and clasped his brother in his arms. "They shall not separate us," cried he; "the stroke shall strike us both at once; and together, we will awake in the presence of our father!" Armand wept loudly, but not in fear; calling on that father to comfort his dear mother and sister, under the disgraceful end of Theodore and himself!

At that instant, the clock of La force struck the hour for the execution, and the door of the dungeon was thrown open. But grim and horrible visages did not present themselves; no gens d'armes were there; no jailors, loaded with keys, and iron hammers to strike off the chains from the malefactors, when led to the guillotine. A young military chief entered, about the same age of Adolphe, by whom he was followed; but by his uniform evidently of higher rank. His air was noble, and his countenance gracious. Adolphe, seeing the condition of the two boys, instantly comprehended that it was their executioners they had expected, when the door opened; and he sprang towards them, folding them in his own arms, and exclaiming "I bring you more than pardon! your innocence! made manifest, by the seizure of the villain who really murdered Colonel Dorville!"

Armand clung to the neck of Adolphe, bathing his breast with his grateful tears, while his voice continually ejaculated words of gratitude to God—to him!

Theodore lay insensible on the floor of the dungeon; on which he had instantly dropped, when Adolphe had withdrawn his arm, to entirely enfold the sobbing boy. But the other officer

had drawn towards the fainted son of de Bayard, and was sprinkling his face with some water out of the earthen pitcher that stood on the dungeon table, when shrieks suddenly resounded along the passage of the prison, and after a kind of momentary struggle at the door of the dungeon, it was burst open, and a young girl rushed into the apartment, calling frantically on her brothers. It was Genevieve; who had, at last, slipped away from the watchful care of her kind neighbours, and in a delirium of despair, had flown from street to street, calling on her brothers; till at last some people making out that she must mean the two boys that were to be executed that evening at La force, with a sort of barbarous civility, conducted her to the spot. In a phrenzy, she had rushed past every attempted impediment; and just as she crossed through the great court, in her way to the condemned dungeon, whether a little boy, belonging to one of the turnkeys, commiserating her cries for her brothers, so like himself in years! was conducting her, the sight of the ready guillotine had roused the shrieks the two officers heard.

Armand instantly knew his sister's voice; and casting himself from the arms of Adolphe, sprung to her bosom, calling out, "We are saved, Genevieve!" The scream with which she entered the room, had also pierced the ear of Theodore; and recalling his senses, with a fearful gasp he sprung upon his feet: but he staggered, and yet speechless, stood, supported alone by the arm of the other officer. Genevieve was now in a swoon; and both Adolphe and Armand leaning over her, applying that restorative to her which the ready water ever offered. But the officer who held Theodore, exerted his voice to summon some one by the name of Rorque, from outside the door. The man instantly appeared, and his master told him to bring the prison-keeper's wife, with proper assistance, for the young lady; and also, himself, some refreshment for her acquitted brothers.

The command was no sooner given, than obeyed; and Genevieve, laid on her brother's wretched dungeon mat, but attended by the respectful care of the woman, was soon made to recognise both themselves, and the blessed intelligence, that not only their lives, but their unsullied names, were safe. Theodore, now recovered to speech, and to the clear understanding of the cause of his preserved honour, as well as granted ex-



istence, sat, or rather, knelt by her side, pale, and holding her hand in his grasp. Armand wept, and smiled, and again and again kissed the hands, or pressed them to his warm beating heart, of his two benefactors; while Adolphe explained to Genevieve—that, after he had quitted La force for Fontainebleau, where he knew he should find the First Consul; and from whose equitable judgment, on the prejudiced sentence of the hasty court on the two little ex-emigrants, he did not doubt bearing back a repeal of the doom, an accident happened to his horse, which delayed him more than an hour; and when he arrived at Fontainebleau, he was told the First Consul could not be spoken with immediately, as he was then examining into a case of probable murder.—One of the sergeants of — regiment, a noted gambler, though a good soldier, having been accidentally stumbled upon by the First Consul himself, lying asleep behind an hay-rick, much stained with blood about the hands and jacket, and with several money bags apparently full, bundled up within the bend of one of his arms, as if he had sunk to sleep while counting them. The First Consul did not like the appearance before him; and stepping aside, beckoned some men who were working, in the field, at a distance; then ordered them to fetch a guard from the palace to join him on that spot. Meanwhile, he stood to prevent the sergeant moving off, should he awake; but fatigue, and some not very short journey, (for he was covered with dust,) seemed to have locked him safe. The guard arrived, and he was seized. At sight of the First Consul, evident terror had seized him, yet he swore the money was his own, and all else the bags contained. The First Consul was in the council-room of the palace, examining into the affair, with the sergeant, and the bags before him, when Adolphe arrived. Adolphe then requested to speak with Eugene Beauharnois, the Consul's son-in-law; who instantly came from the presence to him. A few words between the young men, who were comrades and friends, seemed to flash a clearing light on the whole affair; for besides the bags of money, all of which were stamped round the mouth with the mark of le Brun's pharo-bank at Lyons, the sergeant's jacket pocket had presented to the instant examination of the proper officers, a gold watch with seals, and several gold rings, loose in the pocket; which were much stained with blood, and the trinkets, even clotted with it; as if done in putting them

there. The account he gave of these things was, that he had been playing at le Brun's; that he won richly from Colonel Dorville, who had previously gained the sums in the bags from the bank; that the Colonel then staked his watch to him, (for certain engraved trophies on the case, had proclaimed to the generalissimo of the French armies, to whom this time-piece had belonged;) and having lost that, he then pledged his rings; which, in like manner, became the property of the sergeant.

"Hence," said the man boldly, "it was the fortune of war, and the spoil is my own."

"But, by the blood mixed with them," remarked the judge, "they do not appear to have been peaceably relinquished?"

The sergeant looked astounded at this observation, but yet resolutely replied, "The colonel was in a passion at my run of luck; and while throwing me the rings carelessly in his rage, cut his hand against a broken champagne glass, which lay on the table, and so the haubles became as they are!"

"And so they stained your pocket, and your hands, and your face, and the front of your jacket, and even have dyed it behind with clotted gore, mixed with mud? A most efficient weapon, that shred of broken glass! But it will not be enough to save the life of one soldier, who dishonours his rank by a lie; who outrages the laws, by robbery, and murder, and perjury!"

"Citizen consul!" returned the delinquent, impudently dashing forward, "this is a new republic; the laws, mine, as well as yours, to make or unmake! And who dare convict me of one crime you have dared to brand me with?—Besides, even so, what says our friend, the guillotine, to all her lawful murders?" And the wretch laughed scornfully. The Consul sternly answered—

"The laws that protect man against man, are not of republics, nor of monarchies. God has written them on every heart; and woe be to him who breaks the tablet! you are convicted from your own mouth, and the garments on your back."

Just at this very juncture in the examination, it was that Adolphe had called out Beauharnois. The result may easily be anticipated. Adolphe had only to accompany him to the council-room, and there tell his simple tale of facts, confronting the villain, to force him, even by the weight of those facts, to acknowledge the murder as his own. But he did it shamelessly,

impiously, in manner, and in words; deriding all freedom, that lay not in strength of arm, and any life that subjected him to the restraints of others. The First Consul, and council, pronounced his sentence; and he was sent forward, in a cart, and under a guard, heavily shackled, to suffer his due punishment at Lyons.

But Beauharnois and Adolphe speeded forward by a shorter road, to reach the city on horseback—and most providentially they did so; for the delay of ten more minutes would have launched the innocent victims into eternity.—Beauharnois had left the dungeon for a few minutes during this recital; but when it was over, he whispered Adolphe, and both announced to the brothers and sister that a carriage was at the door, ready to take them to their mother, who must then be impatiently expecting them, since he (Beauharnois) had sent forward the respectable wife of the prison-keeper, to unfold to her all that had past.—But he had done more,—he had put a purse of gold into that good woman's hand, and according to his directions she acted; therefore, when the coach, which contained the little party, stopped, it was not in the desolate fauxbourg of the river, but before the door of a neat house, in a garden, on its pleasant banks; and there, when the brothers rushed forward, on being told their mother was under that roof, they found her in an airy, comfortable apartment, lying on an elegant bed, supported by the soothing arms of the benevolent mistress of La force.

But to describe the meeting of the afflicted mother with her sons, with her daughter, whose trembling, eager steps Adolphe guided to her side, language has no power. Beauharnois waited till the first paroxysm of natural and pious emotions had a little subsided, before he delivered the message with which he was empowered by the First Consul; but when uttered, it opened all the flood-gates of gratitude in the widow's heart.—A casket was presented to her, labelled, "For the widow of the Brave!" and it contained documents for a pension for her for life, out of the donor's private fortune; with commissions for either or both of her sons—if they chose, when of the proper age, to accept them; and the present of a gold ring for her daughter, if she would allow his trusty officer, Adolphe Liellin, to put it on her finger!

Genevieve blushed like the deepest rose at this, and cast her eyes to the ground;—"Dare I?" softly enquired Adolphe, touch-



ing the ring.—“My daughter!” tremblingly, yet wistfully, said her mother to her, “does not this brave, this good young man, who has saved your brothers —” Genevieve, did not allow her mother to proceed; she dropt upon her mother’s bosom, and timidly extended her hand to Adolphe; but there was that in the action that shewed no reluctance was in the gentle sacrifice.—Theodore silently pressed the parchment that contained his name to his lips; and Armand, in an ecstasy of happiness, kissed first one and then the other of the whole party, exclaiming, “That heaven sows in tears to reap in joy!” And there was not an eye present, that did not gratefully, and smilingly, and piously, acknowledge the same. And from that hour, the tears of the Widow of the Loire were dried; and the whole fauxbourg of the river had lasting reason to rejoice in her bounty.

[J. P.]

#### INDIA.

WHERE sacred Ganges pours along the plain,  
And Indus rolls to swell the eastern main,  
What awful scenes the curious mind delight;  
What wonders burst upon the dazzled sight!  
There giant palms lift high their tufted heads,  
The plantain wide his graceful foliage spreads;  
Wild in the woods the active monkey springs,  
The chattering parrot claps his painted wings;  
'Mid tall bamboos lies hid the deadly snake,  
The tiger crouches in the tangled brake;  
The spotted axis bounds in fear away,  
The leopard darts on his defenceless prey.  
'Mid reedy pools and ancient forests rude,  
Cool, peaceful haunts of awful solitude!  
The huge rhinoceros rends the crashing boughs,  
And stately elephants untroubled browse.  
Two tyrant seasons rule the wide domain,  
Scorch with dry heat, or drench with floods of rain:  
Now fev'rish herds rush madding o'er the plains,  
And cool in shady streams their throbbing veins;  
The birds drop lifeless from the silent spray,  
And nature faints beneath the fiery day;  
Then bursts the deluge on the sinking shore,  
And teeming plenty empties all her store.

## NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## TRAVELS, TOPOGRAPHY, &amp;c.

**NARRATIVE OF TRAVELS AND DISCOVERIES** in Northern and Central Africa, in the years 1822, 1823, and 1824, by Major Denham, Captain Clapperton, and the late Dr. Oudney. 1826. 4to.—Since Mungo Park, no African travellers have explored the interior of the least-known quarter of the globe, with so much spirit and success as the gentlemen whose joint labour has produced the volume before us. Such expeditions as that in which they have been engaged, have usually proved fatal to the undertakers. The names of Horneman, Roentgen, Ritchie, and Belzoni, are among those of the martyrs to the project of African discovery. And the journey which led to the production of this work was not accomplished without the sacrifice of the life of one of the party, and the utmost risk of the safety of all belonging to it. The two survivors, however, have furnished us with important additions to the stock of our geographical knowledge, as well as with an interesting account of their personal adventures among the spotty belles and beaus of Negroland and Soudon. There is much information as well as amusement in their performance; some extracts from which we purpose inserting in another part of our miscellany.

**TRAVELS IN NORWAY, SWEDEN, DENMARK, HANOVER, GERMANY, AND THE NETHERLANDS, &c.** By William Rae Wilson, Esq. F. S. A. 1826. 8vo.—Mr. Wilson is a traveller to whose inquisitive and communicative disposition the public has already been indebted for an account of Egypt and the Holy Land. This volume, like the former, is devoted to the description of national manners and customs, rather than to the more recondite topics of antiquities or natural science. His production will, probably, not prove the less acceptable on that account, as he delineates, in an agreeable and lively manner, the scenes and occurrences which he witnessed, and furnishes much rational entertainment to his readers.

**NICHOLS'S ROYAL PROGRESSES, Parts X. XI. folio.**—This is a portion of a very extensive and elaborate work, describing the state visits of Queen Elizabeth, and others of our sovereigns, to various parts of their dominions, and including notices of other court festivities. In these two numbers we have a curious and interesting narrative, intitled "The magnificent, princely, and most royal entertainments given to the High and Mightie Prince and Princesse Frederick, Count Palatine Palsgrave of the Rhine; and Elizabeth, sole daughter of the High and Mightie King of England, our Sovereigne Lord:" The princess alluded to has lately been made the subject of a biographical work by Miss Bengier; and the "royal entertainments" which Mr. Nichols's publication records afford a melancholy contrast to the distresses of her future life.

**TOPOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF NORTH WILTSHIRE;** comprising historical and descriptive accounts of the Antiquities, Towns, Villages, Seats, &c. By John Britton, F. S. A. 8vo. 1826.—Mr. Britton, who is a native of the district which he describes, has already made himself known in the literary world, by various publications relating to British topography and antiquities. The present volume contains much information on subjects generally interesting; and it is embellished with thirty engravings, most of which are beautifully executed.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

**LIVES OF CELEBRATED ARCHITECTS,** ancient and modern. By Francis Milizia. Translated from the Italian, by Mrs. Edward Cresy, with Notes, &c. 2 vols. 8vo.—We notice this work, because, so far as respects its English dress, it is the production of a lady. It is also deserving of attention as being the first attempt to supply a defect in our national literature. In both points of view it possesses much merit; and in the former we hail it as a fair example of the exercise of female talent in the promotion of useful knowledge, relative to a subject which has hitherto received, by no means, that share of public regard to which it is entitled.

#### NOVELS.

**MR. BLOUNT'S MSS.** being Selections from the Papers of a Man of the World. By the Author of Gilbert Earle. 2 vols. 12mo. 1826.—Though we class this production among novels, yet it has neither the form nor substance of the generality of such works. It professes to consist of extracts from a diary kept by Mr. Blount, and other papers, forming an imaginary piece of biography. Much talent is displayed in the description of scenes and characters, and much taste and sensibility exhibited in the record of feelings and reflections which they are supposed to excite. The volumes are altogether worthy of the author of "Gilbert Earle;" and that is saying not a little in their favour.

**OBSTINACY,** a Tale. By Mrs. A. C. Hall. 12mo.—The vice which is portrayed in this little work, is often productive of great misery. Its effects are well exhibited by Mrs. Hall; and the literary merit of her performance will tend to heighten its moral influence, and give two-fold weight to the lesson she inculcates.

#### POETRY.

**TALES OF CHIVALRY AND ROMANCE.** Small 8vo. 1826.—These "Tales" consist of three poems. The Fall of Constantinople, Tecumthe, and the Guerilla Bride. These topics are treated in an excursive manner, forming rather sketches than finished productions. The author, however, writes with spirit, and some of his effusions are well calculated to excite the enthusiasm of the friends of freedom, and lovers of poetry. A prose essay on Lord Byron, and an elegy on his death, are included in this volume; but they present no particular claims to our notice,



**JOSCELINE AND JULIA**, and other Poems. By Edward Charles Rich. 1825. 12mo.—The author, in his preface, says “many of the pieces in this volume are puerile and unworthy of perusal, owing to their having been written at an early age.” Youth and inexperience may form an excuse for writing bad poetry, but not for publishing it. Yet we would not wholly discourage the youthful bard from future intercourse with the muses, but would wish to inspire him with correct ideas of the exertions required from their successful votaries. Mr. Rich would do well to seek the advice of a liberal and enlightened friend before he again commits his lucubrations to the press.

**CONVERSATIONS ON THE EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY**, in which the leading Arguments of the best Authors are arranged, developed, and connected with each other. 1826. 12mo.—This work is designed for the use of young persons and theological students, for whom it seems well adapted.

#### Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.

**Mrs. Siddons.**—The Life of Mrs. Siddons by Mr. Boaden, the author of the Life of Mr. Kemble, is almost ready for the press. It will, we are told, comprise some curious and authentic details of the early professional life of that distinguished actress.

**Buonaparte.**—A bookseller at Paris has announced for publication a work written by Buonaparte in his 21st year, for a prize proposed by the Academy at Lyons.

**Roman Coins.**—A boy ploughing in a field near Swere, in Yorkshire, recently, turned up a piece of metal, which, on examination, proved to be a Roman coin. On further examination an earthen vessel was found, which contained more than 1000, principally of the Emperor Constantine the Great.

**American Literature.**—New works, to the extent of two hundred and thirty-three volumes, besides periodical publications, have been printed in the United States within three months.

**Infant Arithmetician.**—A boy six years and a half old, who answers arithmetical questions instantaneously, is about to be exhibited.

**Progress of Sound.**—A gentleman has invented a mode of making the human voice intelligible at the distance of 25 or 30 miles.

**The Diorama.**—Two new views are exhibiting in the Regent's park, which are equal, if not superior to any of the preceding. The interior of Roslin Chapel appears to be an exact fac-simile of that curious relic of gothic architecture: and the landscape of the City of Rouen, and the surrounding country, is eminently beautiful. The former is the production of M. Daguerre, and the latter is painted by M. Bouton.





*Fashionable Morning & Court Dresses for May*

*Invented by Miss Pierpoint, Edward Street, Portman Square.*



THE  
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR MAY, 1826.

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COURT DRESS.

A PETTICOAT of Urling's Patent lace, ornamented with three full flounces of scalloped lace. The train and body are of pink satin, ornamented with pearls: a full satin sleeve, trimmed with three rows of lace falling from the shoulder, and terminating at the bottom of the sleeve, with a tucker of the same material. Ornaments of gold. White kid gloves, and satin shoes.

MORNING DRESS.

A HIGH-DRESS of *gros de Naples*, of a delicate light green colour: the skirt is full, and ornamented with a double flouncing of stamped silk vandyked finishing, with a *rouleau* on the top of each flounce. The body and sleeves are full; the latter confined to the wrist with gold bracelets. A vandyked Urling's lace collar. A bonnet of rich white silk, ornamented with large bows of the same material.—Limerick gloves, and walking shoes.

HEAD-DRESS.—The front hair in full curls, but not so large as last month; rather more inclining to the ringlet. Large full bows, entirely in the Parisian style, surmounted with feathers, mingled with silver riband, composes the most elegant and fashionable Parisian head-dress, so much worn in the first circles of fashion.

For the dresses we are, as usual, indebted to the taste of MISS PIERPOINT, Edward-street, Portman-square; and for the elegant Head-dress, to MR. COLLEY, 28, Bishopsgate within.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

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The return of his Majesty to the metropolis, within these few days, and the complete restoration of his health, after his late severe illness, has diffused the most heartfelt joy among all classes of society.

His Majesty intends holding a drawing-room in the course of the month, besides visiting the theatres, &c. and we have no doubt the presence of our beloved monarch will be beneficially felt by all the industrious portion of the community.—Though Hyde-park does not yet display its full portion of elegant and well-dressed females, nevertheless London is well filled with many of those who are high in rank and fashion, on whose fair forms the most elegant costumes are to be seen. Various as the modes of dress are at present, there are yet some leading features which stamp what is most in vogue among the fashionable world.

We shall begin our statement this month with the bonnets; two of which, of the most elegant form and shape, have been recently completed for a family of distinction. The one is of lavender-coloured satin, ornamented with white blond of a new and beautiful pattern; the trimming on the crown gradually slopes off, to a most becoming pointed kind of ornament on the right side of the hat. The bonnet is large, but flies off the face. The other is of pink satin; and though its trimming varies from that of the lavender-coloured bonnet, it is equally fanciful and elegant: these bonnets, by being placed so backward, do not require any brim behind; the crown, therefore, terminates the bonnet at the part that lies next the nape of the neck. These elegant novelties are confined to the carriage. For the promenade, at this season of the year, nothing is reckoned so genteel as a large, plain, black satin hat; to which may be added a small, but full plume of feathers. Carriage hats of the same shape, of white watered *gros de Naples*, are ornamented with flowers. Leghorn bonnets are not yet very general, but as the weather

becomes milder, we may soon expect to see them maintain their usual sway.

Mantles of black, or dark brown satin, lined with ruby-coloured sarsnet, with a double pelerine cape of ruby satin, have been the principal novelty for out-door costume, during the past month. Over high dresses of *gros de Naples*, a rich cachemere shawl, either of the square or scarf kind, is generally worn. Several merino dresses have four rows of flounces cut in points and bound. Similar flounces are often placed on dresses of *gros de Naples*, and then the flounces are pinked at the edges: they are put on very full, the plaits forming large flutings, which widen towards the bottom.

An evening dress of violet-coloured satin has been much admired; it has a very broad flounce of white blond in festoons; beneath this flounce is a full puckering of gauze, the colour of the dress. Long transparent sleeves of white tulle, with mancherons of violet-coloured satin, in the Persian style, impart a pleasing liveliness to this beautiful dress. The corsage is *à la Sevigné*.

A dress of corn-flower-blue satin is also much in favour: it is trimmed with two flounces of broad blond round the border; the one next the hem is set on very scanty; but the upper one, which is placed at some distance, is full, and caught up in festoons: the body is in the form of a sheaf, and the sleeves are of blue satin, long, and *en gigot*. Dresses of pale pink Columbia are much worn in half dresses; they are trimmed with three flounces at the border. Likewise dresses of date-leaf *gros de Naples*, trimmed in the same manner. These flounces are pointed in the Vandyke style: the sleeves are *en gigot*, and are confined from the wrist, half way up to the elbow, by bands of silk. A rose coloured dress of *gros de Naples* is also much admired for evening costume: it has a broad puckering round the border, divided in the middle by a satin *rouleau*: on the puckering are satin points, edged with narrow *rouleau* beading: the body is of the Circassian shape.

At dinner parties, we have seen some young ladies in dresses of white *barège*: the border of the skirts ornamented with satin



points; the sleeves were short, and full, and trimmed to correspond with the border.

Dress caps for the theatre, of etherial blue gauze and white blond, are much in request: they have a very broad border of blond, which turns entirely up in front, on the right side, in the form of a dress hat.

The morning cornettes are trimmed with a triple border of blond, and ornamented with coloured scarlet on the head piece, in long puffs.

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### THE PARISIAN TOILET.

*Paris, April 15th, 1846.*

THE concourse of people assembled on Sunday last in the gardens of the Tuilleries, was so great, that it was with difficulty a chair could be procured, and nearly as difficult to walk as to be seated: the long and beautiful avenues resembled a train of people at the doors of the theatre on the night of a first representation; those who were improvident enough to get entangled with the multitude could only hope to recover the liberty of breathing, after having been nearly stifled and carried along with the crowd for the space of half an hour; after which they at length reached the end of the avenue, where, no doubt, they resolved, but *a little too late*, never again to be caught in such a vortex. If there were not a great many people of rank among the multitude, there were at least many beautiful toilets; the researches of luxury and fashion have so gained on all classes of society, that it is almost impossible to distinguish, at this day, whether it is an elegant marchioness or a pretty milliner, who wears such a hat, or such a dress: we find a charming toilet without distinction of rank or birth.—It is possible that some fine ladies may be displeased at this confusion of elegance, but the dress-makers ought to rejoice at it, and it certainly is no business of ours to complain of an abuse that offers a greater variety in the choice of tastes which direct the caprices of fashion. Does not the bee plunder

alike the sweets from every flower, without embarrassing itself about knowing by whose hands they are cultivated?

One of the most elegant toilets which we perceived was composed of a dress of gilly-flower velvet, trimmed with a very high black blond: a black velvet hat, ornamented with large gilly-flower plumes shaded with black, gave a perfect harmony to this rich costume, which seemed to appear only to celebrate with éclat the last adieu to the brilliant attire of winter.

The dresses of Scotch *gros de Naples* have a decided favour: this mode will very probably become as general as *possible* this summer; that is to say, it will be followed by all those ladies whose fortunes will admit of it. Haytian muslins are still the greatest novelty as summer tissues. Up to the present time flounces are chiefly used for trimming, and the greater part of the ladies have not yet left off merinos, which, not being lined form spring dresses as light as they are warm. The variation of the temperature does not yet allow of the adoption of summer dresses. We have observed some spencers of black velvet, with large sleeves, and the *corsage* made *en blouse*; they are worn frequently with merino petticoats of shamoy or verdigris. Among the printed muslins, which are now to be seen in the principal shops, we have remarked some with the Scotch squares crossed in every direction by small Chinese lines of different colours. This medley of colours produces a very original effect.

At the theatre Scotch dresses and berêts take the lead still. At times white dresses make their appearance. We have observed one of muslin trimmed with several flounces of Urling's lace; satin *rouleaux*, of rose colour, bordered the top of these flounces, and three rows of lace formed a pelerine, parting from one shoulder to another. A scarf of embroidered tulle completed this charming spring costume.

A dress of *gros de Naples*, of a straw colour, trimmed with five or six flounces, the tops figured on both sides, and placed very near each other, has appeared to us very beautiful. Knots of riband of straw-coloured gauze, composed the head-dress of the young lady who wore the dress.

The yellow-canary is always the favourite colour. Hats of jonquil-satin, of a round shape, are still worn; they are ornamented

by a half-veil, trimmed with bias, and bordered with blond. The cut of the brim of round hats has undergone a happy change, by being cut sloping on the left side, parting from the temple, thus taking away that ungraceful regularity, and giving a little coquettish air to that form of hat which our fashionables appear disposed not to abandon for a long time to come.—We have seen one of this kind, of white *gros de Naples*, ornamented with five flat plumes, yellow and white; it served to complete the elegance of a dress which has been admired in a numerous assembly of a hundred and fifty persons, where every lady was in extacy before this elegant toilet. It was composed of a robe of white *gros de Naples*; at the bottom were placed five rows of flounces, alternately white and jonquil; these last were of satin. A pelerine of *gros de Naples*, terminated by points of jonquil-satin; the same was repeated at the bottom of the sleeves, which were fastened with a gothic bracelet.

Hats of rice-straw, or white *gros de Naples*, are ornamented with marabouts and flowers; they are lined and crossed with yellow satin ribands. On some hats of white chip, are placed two bouquets of marabouts, each plume of which is of a different colour. A quantity of large knots of Scotch riband form the trimming of Leghorn bonnets. However, this mode will not last long, for we already perceive ladies of the first fashion resuming white ribands and white plumes for ornamenting their beautiful Florentines.

Small *fichus*, the ground black, with a yellow or red border, are in high estimation; nevertheless there are a great many of Scotch *grenardine*. The blue squares are the most sought after. The most fashionable parasols this summer will be either Scotch, or white.—Canary-yellow and straw colour are in great favour for dress-ropes and half toilet.



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THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

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THE MAGDALEN HOSPITAL.

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The following verses written during a first visit in London, were occasioned by hearing the Rev. Mr. L's discourse preparatory to the Anniversary, from *James* the 5th chapter, 20th verse.

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ENGLAND's fair capital, the boast of Time,  
Since Rome imperial fell beneath his hand;  
Where science holds her court, and wealth her shrine,  
And commerce sends her ample stores throughout the land:

The abode of splendour, and of regal state,  
The monuments of genius and of art;  
Where all's combined of excellent, or great,  
To charm the stranger's eye, and fascinate his heart.

I view with wonder all that thou canst boast,  
All, that the taste of fashion may require;  
The heaven-raised structures of a race now lost—  
Where rests a hero's dust, and sleeps a Milton's lyre.

But these ne'er with such feelings filled my breast,  
Like those thy public charities inspired:  
Ye who support them, be ye ever blessed,  
Heaven grant the comforts, which he sees are most required.

To those long wandering in dark error's path,  
You've ope'd the gate of everlasting rest;  
Shewed them a way to escape eternal wrath,  
Sheltered from farther crime, and made the wanderer bless'd.

The voice that used the syren's song to sing,  
While heavy anguish weighed upon the heart,  
Now tunes the praise of a redeeming king,  
And in devotion bears a sweet, a soothing part.

Daughters of Albion! you have pity shewn  
To every woe, each tear a grief can claim;  
Feel for a crime, a sorrow, all your own,  
Feel for, relieve, nor spurn an erring sister's shame.

Daughters of Albion! ye whom heaven has blessed  
 With all that splendour, all that wealth can give;  
 Thus be your gratitude to him confessed,  
 And let your erring sisters now your love receive.

And ye, to whose false sex they owe their shame,  
 Stand forth, redeem the perjured name of man,  
 On you, alas! they have the greatest claim,  
 Then with your prayers and wealth assist the God-like plan.

Long be this place "a glorious monument"  
 Of man's benevolence, of God's own care;  
 Proud let it rise, when palaces are rent,  
 Rise splendid, midst "the wreck of matter" and despair.

Ye, who, like Christ when sojourning below,  
 Spoke peace unto a Magdalen's dark soul;  
 Who bade her tears of anguish cease to flow,  
 Said "Go in peace, be blessed, and sin no more,—"

May He assist you in your work of love,  
 Support and strengthen you in hope and faith;  
 And may your valued lives in closing prove,  
 "That he is blessed indeed, who saves a soul from death."  
*Cavan-hall.* M. L. D.

#### ON HEARING A LADY SING.

OH! 'twas a soft, a murmuring sound,  
 Like that by fairy minstrel given,  
 From vaulted cavern under ground,  
 Or from the lightest cloud in heaven.

It's rising swell excels the lyre  
 On Sappho's arm of snow reclining,  
 Whene'er her fingers struck the wire,  
 To music all her soul resigning.

But soon its cadence died away,  
 Like sorrow's moan, or lover sighing;  
 Or, like the closing breath of day,  
 When on the mountain's bosom dying.

JOR.

## THE CONSECRATION OF THE HARP.

" 'Tis done, at length, the grand deciding part,  
The world subdued, and thou hast all my heart."

ELIZABETH ROWE.

I GAVE my harp to Glory's hand—  
He struck the chords in martial measure;  
Then, reckless, threw my gift aside,  
And left its chords to smiling Pleasure.

Awhile she sung, but, lo! her voice  
Brought in her train, Remorse, Dejection:  
I snatch'd it from her grasp, and gave  
Its vacant chords to young Affection.

Awhile he play'd in amorous measure,  
And sooth'd despair with Love's pure token;  
But when Hope came to touch my lyre,  
It would not speak—its chords were broken.

But Friendship's voice and gentle hand,  
The seven strings most kindly mended;  
She sang—and Virtue, Peace, and Joy,  
As a bright choir, her steps attended.

These sounds were all too sweet to last—  
Death took the harp—a requiem's given;  
Yet angels lov'd to hear the strain,  
And bade her finish it in heaven.

Ambition sought to fill the void;  
And Fame she tried her loftiest measure;  
While Wealth and Splendour breathed some notes,  
But they were harsh,—they gave no pleasure.

Since Glory, Friendship, Love, Hope, Fame,  
And Wealth, have failed to wake its numbers;  
Devotion, at thy shrine 'tis laid,  
And to all meaner themes it slumbers.

Oh, take it then, and every note,  
To thee as incense shall be given;  
And hence I "consecrate my Harp"  
Unto Devotion, Peace, and Heaven.

ADA.



## TO THE MOON.



NIGHT's lovely queen, disperse those clouds,  
And chase the gloomy shades away ;  
And let thy mild and placid light  
Succeed the hour of twilight grey.

The clouds that shade thy lovely face,  
And veil thy beauties from my sight,  
Will pass, ere thou appear'st again  
Resplendent, pure, serene, and bright.

I love to watch thee, 'midst the stars,  
Illumine the expanse so wide ;  
Or view thee, in the lucid stream,  
Transparent o'er its surface glide.

Reflected in a clear, pure spring,  
I love to watch thy shadow's play ;  
To let imagination rove  
And through the fields of fancy stray.

And as I gaze, thy placid light  
Stills ev'ry rude and wild emotion,  
The passions calms, the thoughts refines,  
And fits my heart for pure devotion.

O lovely Moon! continue still  
Thy mild, benignant light to shed ;  
And smooth the woe-worn rugged way  
Which I, through life, am doomed to tread.

Yet smile not thus on me alone,  
Resigned, my grief I'll learn to bear,  
So thou wilt cheer the path of one  
Whose happiness to me is dear.

Thus while I musing gaze on thee,  
Earth's cares and sorrows seem to cease ;  
While thinking on those blest abodes,  
Where I may hope to rest in peace.

*Bp. Stortford.*

S. B. B.

## STANZAS TO MARIA.

—  
"To you my soul's affections move,  
Devoutly, warmly, true;  
My life hath been a task of love,  
One long, long thought of you."  
—

There is a maid whose whispering sigh,  
Breathes lenient hope, when fear is nigh,  
Calm as a summer sea;  
Whose gentle bosom's warm with love  
As that fond bird, the nestling dove,—  
Maria, thou art she.

There is a maid—whose dark eyes beam,  
Like stars upon the running stream,  
And sweetly smile on me;  
Whose heart is pure as gale that blows,  
And features fair as valley-rose,—  
Maria, thou art she.

There is a maid—who doth revere  
The falling of my love's young tear,  
With sweet simplicity;  
Whose hand in mine, hath oft been prest,  
While hung her head upon my breast,—  
Maria, thou art she.

There is a maid—with voice so soft  
And melting sweet, that causes oft  
Tears in mine eyes to be;  
Whose cheeks, when first I pledged my vow,  
With smiling innocence did glow,—  
Maria, thou art she.

There is a maid—whose heart is mine  
Until the sun shall cease to shine,  
And nature's self, to be:  
Whom I will love, though on her brow  
Time's seal should stamp its furrows now,—  
Maria, thou art she.

*Marylebone.*

I. W. C.

## JESSICA.

OH! attend to the tale of poor Jessica's sorrow,  
 Of one who, alas! was the offspring of pride;  
 Whose parents ne'er thought of the wants of to-morrow:  
 Without friends or fortune was I when they died.

Nursed by folly and splendour in infancy's season,  
 My studies accomplishments only have taught;  
 Not one useful art was bestowed on my reason,—  
 I am sunk to despair by the harrowing thought.

By labour, a living to gain I'm unable;  
 The name of a beggar sounds harsh in my ears;  
 I would plead for the fragments of Plenty's full table,  
 But, alas! I can plead for them only with tears.

While I whisper this sorrowful tale to your feelings,  
 The dew-drops of anguish stream forth from my eyes;  
 Let Mercy's fair mite give a zest to your dealings:  
 Oh! relieve her distress,—or poor Jessica dies!

J. M. LACEY.

## NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our correspondent at Esher has, we trust, received, through the appointed channel, the desired parcel from the Publishers; it was forwarded early in the month.

"Sonnet to the Nightingale," by H. is inadmissible.

We have duly received the various communications of Constance and H. H. on the merits of which we have not been able to form a judgment. If the writing were less crowded it would materially facilitate our perusal and correction of our Correspondents' favours generally.

We have received G. H.'s letter; and shall be happy to number him among our frequent contributors. Will he favour us with his address on his arrival in London?

The letter from Prome, Birman Empire, has duly arrived; and we sincerely thank our Correspondent for his recollection of us, and for the promise of his future communications. We cannot, indeed, but feel gratified that we are so remembered in a distant and foreign land; and that our pages afford amusement to a British officer, amid the fatigues and dangers of actual warfare. His present *nugæ* are most acceptable, and will meet an early insertion. Of ORA, the present Editor is unable to speak.—Her lyre, if she be living, has remained, of late, unstrung: or her muse has chosen other channels, or other signatures for holding converse with the Public,—if she be yet "a wanderer in this world of woe," and should chance to glance on this notice, we hope she may be induced to resume her pen, and to gratify our readers again with the delights of "Poetic Harmony."

The letters of Lady Whetstone are under consideration.







*H. R. Bishop, Esq.*

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